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The BYSTANDER

Art Literature & the Drama.

No. 374.—Vol. XXIX. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, February 1, 1911 [Price 6d. By Post, 6½d.

BRITISH MINISTER MARKETING IN MOROCCO: DR. MACNAMARA BUYS A LOAF AT TANGIER—FOR ELECTIONEERING PURPOSES?

Dr. Macnamara, M.P., the Parliamentary Secretary of the Admiralty, is to be seen in the picture with Mrs. Macnamara buying bread in the Market Place of Tangier. The climate of Morocco, it is interesting to mention, is admirably suited for the cultivation of wheat and barley, and were they allowed to be freely exported Morocco might become the granary of Europe. The loaf that "Dr. Mac" is buying will doubtless make its appearance later at South London election meetings

Photographed at Tangier last week specially for THE BYSTANDER *by Horace W. Nicholls*

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FORTUNA CHANCE. By James Prior. (Constable; 6s.)
MODERN INDIA. By Sir J. D. Rees. (Allen and Sons: 6s. net.)
WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT? By Annie S. Swan. (Partridge: 3s. 6d.)
THE RAFT IN THE BUSH. By Ethel Turner. (Ward, Lock: 3s. 6d.)
HAPPY HEARTS. (Ward, Lock: 3s.)
THE WONDER BOOK. (Ward, Lock: 3s. 6d.)
THE REPROOF OF CHANCE. By E. W. Savi. (Digby, Long: 6s.)
A ROYAL STORY BOOK. By "Carmen Sylva." (Digby, Long: 3s. 6d. net.)
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HEROES OF THE POLAR SEAS. By J. K. Maclean. (Chambers: 6s.)
PAM AND BILLY. By Brenda Girwin. (Allen: 3s. 6d.)
THE BOY'S BOOK OF CHIVALRY. By Hammond Hall. (Partridge: 3s. 6d.)
THE BOYS' BOOK OF THE NAVY. By C. Hadden. (Partridge: 3s. 6d.)
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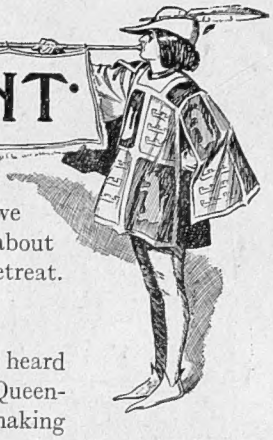
THE WORLD'S PAGEANT



A Little Season

TOWN is filling up fast this week in anticipation of the arrival of the Court at Buckingham Palace for the opening of Parliament on Monday. Between now and March 1, which is Ash Wednesday, quite a number of dance invitations have been issued, while several highly important weddings are fixed to take place this month.

A Coronation Danger

THE BYSTANDER yields to no one in affectionate loyalty, but one is impelled to ask the question—is there not a danger of the Coronation becoming something of a bore before it actually arrives? Even the modistes' advertisements are beginning to bulge with invitations to order Coronation robes and costumes, and I foresee that for the next five months we are likely to talk Coronation, eat Coronation, and drink Coronation until we are rather afraid of the mention of the word, while for "leader" and article-writers it will be a veritable King Charles's head. Let us look forward to it by all means, but, out of sheer loyalty, let us not, by vain repetitions, make it a very weariness of the flesh.

The Royal Tour

Their Majesties, in their decision to visit Scotland and Ireland after the Coronation, are following somebody's excellent advice. The way the news has been received by the Press of both parties in Ireland foreshadows a brilliant social revival in the sister isle. If Home Rule is to come, better it should come when Ireland is glad than sad. As to Scotland, there will not, this time, be any such dispute concerning the designation of the monarch as accompanied the late King's first Scottish visit. His Majesty is Scotland's, as well as England's, Fifth George, not, as was the case with Edward, her first. But Scotland will not be Scotland if some nice pedantry is not discovered to vary the harmony. The King will turn his Scottish visit to practical purpose by inspecting Rosyth. It is highly important, just now, that we should hear something about that interesting Forth-side retreat.

Queen Alexandra's Position

Nothing further has been heard regarding the trip which the Queen-Mother was announced to be making to Ireland. No doubt, now that Their Majesties themselves are discharging the necessary duties, the proposal has lapsed. Court circles have quite enough to occupy them in arranging the Queen-Mother's place in the Coronation ceremony—one which will, it is to be hoped, be fitting to her position and popularity. As THE BYSTANDER has remarked before, few people desire that King Edward's beautiful and gracious Consort should wholly efface herself from the public life of her adopted country, especially in view of the proposed appointment of the Connaughts to Canada, and the very retiring tastes of the other adult Royalties.

Photographs *Topical Agency*

A MARRIAGE HAS BEEN ARRANGED BETWEEN

The Hon. Lilah White and **Mr. J. G. Lowther, 11th Hussars**

Daughter of Lord Annaly — Brother of Sir C. B. Lowther, Bt.

Colonial Aliens

One cannot altogether join in the agitation, pumped up on the strength of a Rhodesian cablegram, against Lord Gladstone. The *Daily Mail* made its attack without even, apparently, knowing anything more about the facts than that the Governor had reprieved a native sentenced to death. It is true that Rhodesia was reported to be angry, but young Colonists are often rather hot-headed and violent in their anti-negro prejudice, and it will be a bad day for the Empire when its heads are influenced against their duty by the outcry of outlying settlers. Possibly Lord Gladstone has acted sentimentally. But whether he acted thus on his own initiative or on the advice of Ministers with a "policy" we can hardly judge from one cablegram. In any case, is it not a matter to be left between Lord Gladstone and South Africa? The way we handle our own "aliens" does not entitle us to lecture the Dominions, apart from the fact that a Kaffir in South Africa is not an "alien" at all, but an aboriginal.

The Late Lady Dilke (Formerly Mrs. Mark Pattison)
She died in 1904, after a married life of nearly twenty years, which began, at her wish, during the progress of the *cause célèbre* of 1885. Subsequently she did an immense deal to help her husband reconstruct his shattered career

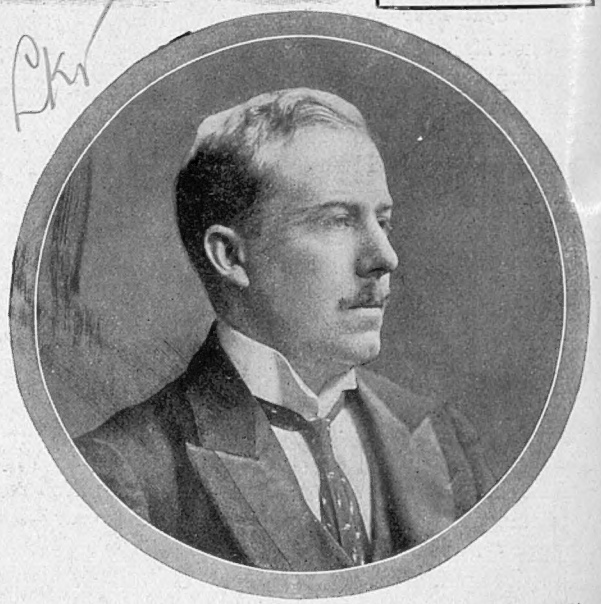
A Light that Failed

Just as the world was discussing a novel with a ruined politician as hero ("The New Machiavelli") Fate has suddenly confronted us with the case of one who lived. Of late years Sir Charles Dilke has been looked on as a busy and quite sound Radical who had some trouble or another a long time ago, about which nobody cared. His death has suddenly reminded us of the fact that the man was a living tragedy. Of the many men who suffered social death in the 'eighties, Dilke was the only one who dared to try to rise again. He succeeded to a certain extent, for, after a stay in the wilderness of six years following his disgrace, he returned to Parliament, and was, at all events, politically allowed to exist. Respect he regained, but office never. That he failed in the latter respect is one of the moral blunders of the Liberal party. When "C.-B." came in in 1906, he remembered many people, Burns, Lloyd George, Elgin, McKenna, Macnamara, and a host of smaller fry, but he forgot Dilke. Had he remembered him, the stroke would have been as popular as the gold-braiding of Burns itself. "What a sporting thing to do," the man in the street would have said. "These Radicals aren't so bad, after all." But perhaps "C.-B.," Asquith, and the rest had other reasons than Puritanical ones. Sir Charles was too big to be given a small office, and to give him a big one would have spoiled younger chances. It is pretty safe, however, to say that neither Sir Henry "C.-B." nor Mr. Asquith would have got near the Premiership had Dilke been eligible. He would surely have been Gladstone's successor in 1894, and it is unlikely that, with a leader of his Imperialistic type, his party would have left the Cecils and Chamberlains in office for ten years with the Empire as their special patent. For Dilke discovered the Empire long before Chamberlain. When Mr. Joseph was mere Mayor of Birmingham he was mastering the problems of Empire on the spot.

The Moral of Dilke

There is one lesson to be learned from the obituaries of Dilke—"Live it Down." After all, even sitting lonely in the limelight is better than crouching in company in outer darkness. Dilke's wilderness was the Forest of Dean, which kept him in Parliament, by enormous majorities, as long as he liked to stop there, scandal or no scandal.

Photo Topical Agency
The Late Sir Charles Dilke Riding in the Row
The distinguished publicist and politician, who died last Thursday morning. He was proprietor of the *Athenæum*, author of "Greater Britain," and other works. The above photograph shows him riding in the Row, and was taken shortly before his death



Photo] **Sir Charles Dilke: Third and Present Baronet** [*Barnett*
He is now thirty-six years of age. He was educated at Rugby, and Trinity Hall, Cambridge, and is the son of the first Lady Dilke

The First Lady in America

MRS. W. H. TAFT: A PORTRAIT BY B. KRONSTRAND

Recently hung in the White House, Washington, among the portraits of Presidents and Presidents' wives. Owing to the success of President Taft in connection with the Canadian Treaty, it is not now improbable that the Republican party will gain yet another term of office at the next elections, so that Mrs. Taft may reign for a long time yet at the White House

Manners Makyth Marriage

The Bride and Two of her Bridesmaids

Lady Marjorie Manners
Eldest daughter of the Duke of Rutland

The Bride: Lady Violet Manners
Second daughter of Duke of Rutland

Lady Diana Manners
Youngest daughter of the Duke of Rutland

Photographs *Lallie Charles*

Society and the public generally are much interested in the wedding, which takes place to-day (Wednesday), of Lady Violet Manners, second daughter of His Grace the Duke of Rutland, and the Hon. Hugo Charteris, eldest son of Lord Elcho, and grandson of the nonagenarian, Earl of Wemyss and March

Viscount Chelsea's Bride

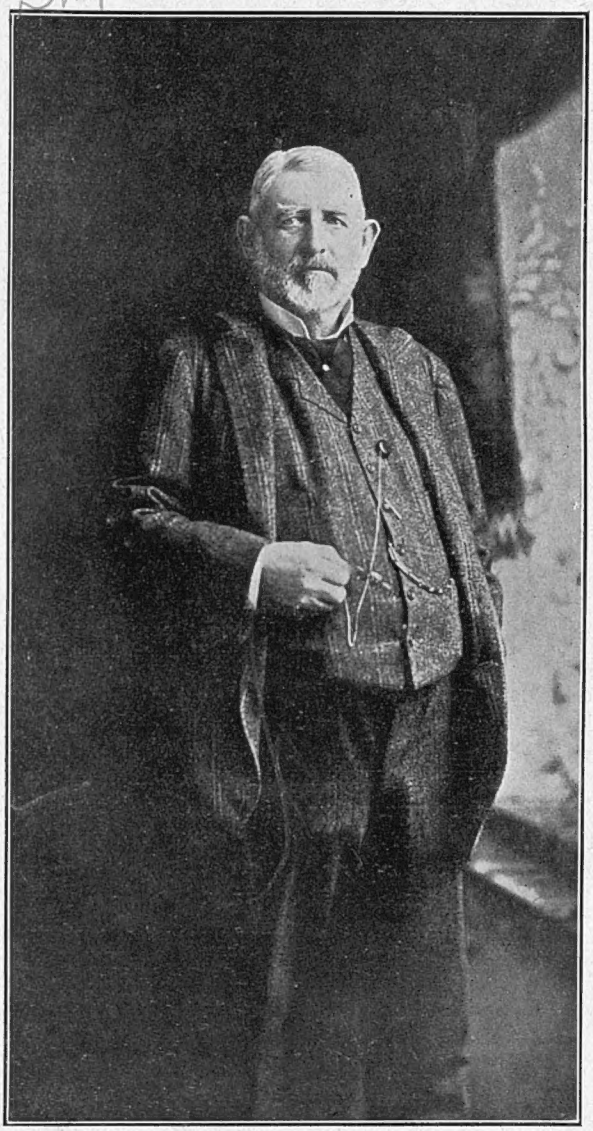
Pretty Miss Marie Coxon has been receiving innumerable congratulations on her engagement. It is not generally known that the reason why she has been chaperoned in Society by her aunts is that her mother is an invalid, and has been for some years. Mrs. Coxon, as Miss Lilian Piercy, hunted and played excellent lawn tennis, but has, since her illness, devoted herself to music, and has written several charming songs. She is also a keen chess-player. Her charming daughter is, by the way, an excellent amateur actress, a delightfully dainty dancer, and also a caricaturist of no mean talent.

Sunshine on the Snow

The afflictions of others, writes a correspondent at Chamonix, add a certain zest to one's own pleasures, and I am afraid that the news that you have been having fogs in London—(we haven't, but never mind—ED.)—has rather accentuated my joy in the keen pellucid air, Italian-blue sky, and almost too scorching sunshine of this snow-covered valley of Mont Blanc. As one rushes down the slopes by the various methods devised for rapid flight over the snow—bobsleigh, luge, or ski—one wonders, in the semi-conscious flash of thought that is all one has time for, how one endures the drabness of English life at this season. (My correspondent may bear up. One manages somehow.—ED.)

The Fugitives

The feeling is one that grows more and more general. Visitors to France's chief "winter sports resort," Chamonix, are still mostly French, with a sprinkling of Spanish and English, but the winter resorts on the other side of the Swiss border continue to receive recruits from England, while the Riviera fugitives have included during the last week or two Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd George and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hobhouse among the Parliamentarians, Lady Gosford and Lady Rendel at Cannes, Lord and Lady Bath at San Remo, etc., etc. Early this month Lord and Lady Minto are going to Biarritz, a much-chastened, and, it is to be hoped cheaper, Biarritz now no King Edward is here to make it wildly fashionable, and the Duke and Duchess of Portland are off for a cruise in the Mediterranean after the opening of Parliament.



Photograph *Sarony*

Lord St. John of Bletsoe

Who is engaged to Miss Ethel Susan Lutley, second daughter of the late John Habington Lutley, of Brockhampton, Herefordshire. It will be remembered that it was this very distinguished looking nobleman who, on the ground that he lacked notoriety (!) was made the butt of one of Mr. Lloyd George's cheery gibes in the last Election campaign

Praiseworthy Wariness

An officer at Farnham, apropos "Sex and the Short Story," writes to inform me that *his* mess is "merely lazily wondering which member of THE BYSTANDER'S staff wrote 'Saunterer's' letter." Now, this suspicious alertness is what we have only a right, as taxpayers, to expect in our military officers. It will serve us admirably in time of war, and the fact that it should, in the case of "Saunterer" (who is an actual person with a name, address, and club), be misplaced, does not mean that it will not, when in face of the enemy, often be most useful. It would be a terrible thing if our soldiers believed—or disbelieved—*everything* they saw in print!

Many Thanks

I have received many letters from readers agreeing with the award of the prize to the Rev. Glenn Dalrymple. To say which letter most nearly approached his in value is a difficult task, but among critics who favoured us with what might be called "weighty" criticism, I must honourably mention "Medicus," Old Castle Gate, Banff, and "Draco," who obliged us with a lawyer's letter. The parental view was well and wisely stated by Mrs. J. H. R. Owen, of Edgbaston Vicarage, and the "young person" was ably championed by "Phœbe" (North Kensington) and Miss Doris Boorman (Saltley, Birmingham). But if I have to pay compliments at all, they are due to everybody who wrote, for scarcely a single letter lacked interest, and the only cause for alarm on our part is lest we fail to be worthy of so gifted and critical a body of readers.

An Eloquent Whip

One of the most eloquent of orators is Mr. William Jones, M.P., the successor of Mr. Oswald Partington in the post of Junior Liberal Whip. Mr. Jones, like Mr. Lloyd George and so many other notorious Welshmen, fought his way up to the Treasury from the lowest rung of the social ladder—it would be quite

a change, wouldn't it, to find one that hadn't?—and took to schoolmastering as a means to an end, which made him first an Oxford "coach" and then a Member of Parliament. He is the most passionate of speakers, descending to the depths and rising to the heights with an equal, but seldom fatal, facility.

The Latest from Strauss

"Strauss," remarked somebody in the hearing of a Dresden Bystander, at the performance of *Rose-Cavalier*, "is trying to live down to his name." By which he meant that the new comic opera is a sad fall from the heights of *Salome* and *Elektra*. Well, well, many a composer has "fallen" like that before, and is it not very probable that the world will like the apparent melodiousness of the new work better than the savage sombreness of the others? That Richard Strauss *can* write lightly and melodiously every connoisseur of his songs knows. Perhaps Posterity will persist in looking upon him as just a Strauss, the greatest of them all, but still a Strauss!

Mr. Hall Caine (seated)
The distinguished author has been wintering in Algiers, and kindly exposed his forehead to the sun's rays and the camera for the sake of BYSTANDER readers

Ill-Mannered Audiences

Dr. Strauss has, by the way, done good work by his public rebuke of opera-goers who insisted on leaving their seats, with the usual noisy rustlings, before the end of a performance he was conducting in Berlin. We can allow ourselves, alas! no airs of superiority over the German audience in this matter, for in our own grand opera, with an audience supposed to consist of the very best people, similar displays of bad manners are only too common—insult added to injury, when one considers how poorly opera is supported in this country. I see that the plans of the new opera house in Kingsway have been provisionally passed by the L.C.C., but it is the audience rather than the auditorium that wants guaranteeing if the new venture is to have any sort of success.

A Royal Polo Cup

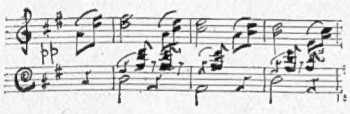
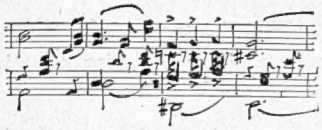
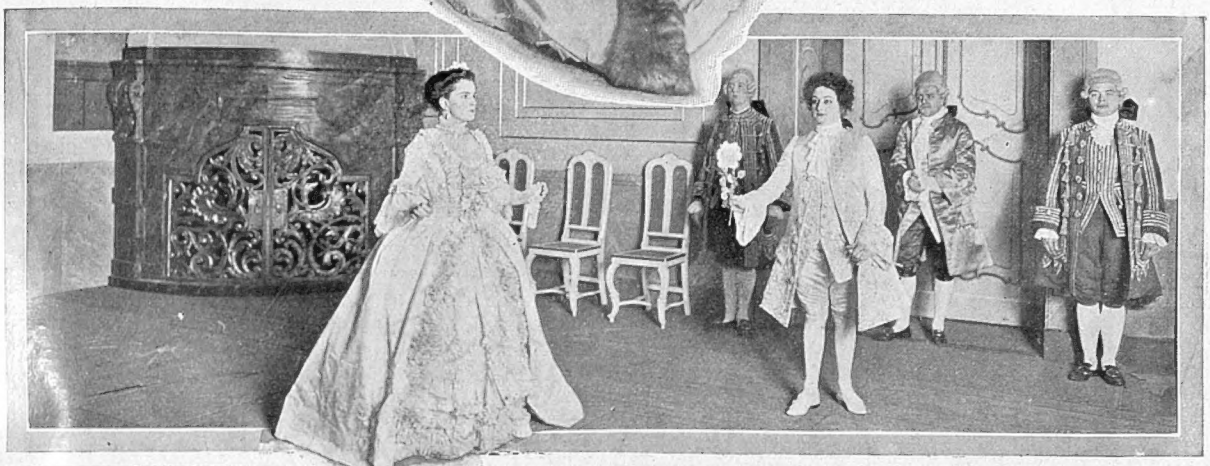
Queen Mary takes far less interest in polo than did Queen Alexandra, but she has been prevailed upon to promise to present the special polo cup—to be called the "King's Coronation Cup"—which is to be played for on July 15. Polo nowadays in England, of course, has become less a sport than a matter of the richest man winning, a state of affairs very satisfactory for the American millionaire contingent, which pays in hundreds for its ponies. Some very fine ponies, by the way, are being imported into Spain, where, with rather more practice, King Alfonso hopes to improve that at present very "rushing" game of his.

Mrs. Brett

Up to the moment of going to Press I hoped to supply my readers with a photograph of the Registry Office in Paddington where Miss Z—a D—e was married. Unhappily, THE BYSTANDER photographers one and all declined to obey instructions. They were willing to do their best to obtain portraits of the cabmen who drove bride and bridegroom to "the portals of Hymen" (*sic*), but the invitation to reproduce registry offices was too much for their sensitive plates. Anyway, Miss Z—a D—e *is* married, isn't she? And that's another of life's milestones left behind us.

Lucky Paris! Skating in the Cercle Privé, Bois de Boulogne, Paris
On the left, Mlle. Puget is seen with M. Santos Dumont. The two ladies on the right are Mmes. Paul Neven and Bagelet

Strauss Lives Down to His Name

BY WRITING A LIGHT AND TUNEFUL COMIC OPERA

The Theme of the Strauss Valse jotted down by the "Bystander's" critic
(One of the most popular measures of the score)



Photographs] SCENES AND CHARACTERS IN "ROSE-CAVALIER," PRODUCED IN DRESDEN LAST WEEK [*Zander and Labisch*

(1) Octavian (the Rose-Cavalier), with the Princess Wordenburg. (2) The Rose-Cavalier presents the silver rose to the bride of Baron Ochs, with whom he immediately falls in love himself. (3) A scene between the two ladies and the youth who shares their dual affections. (4) The Baron (wounded by the jealous Rose-Cavalier) surrounded by importunate hotel servants, musicians, and the like

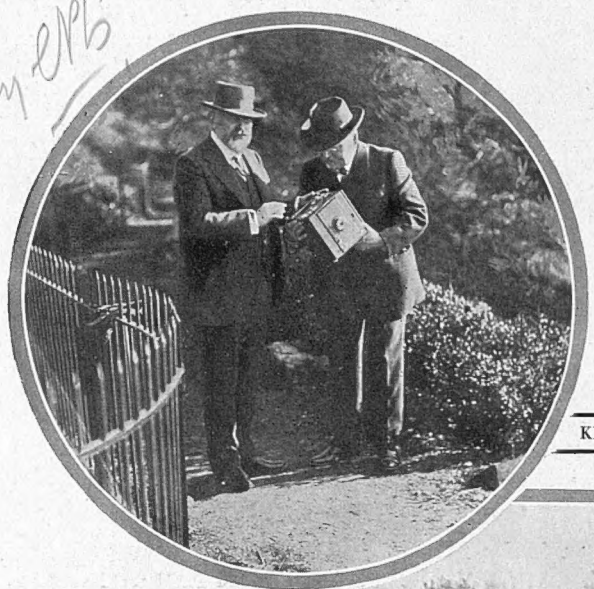
Rose-Cavalier, Richard Strauss's latest opera, is light, lyrical, and humorous. The musical critics speak in ecstasy of the charm and fascination of its melodies, particularly of the valses, minuets, duets, trios, and choruses. The plot is likely to engage Mr. Redford, and when we get it in London (Mr. Beecham permitting) we shall probably be more or less harmlessly entertained. The story centres round a young man of feminine appearance, with whom the ladies fall in love when he is attired as a man and the gentlemen when he is taken for a girl, so his life is not altogether dreary. Appointed to be Rose-Cavalier to the bride of the elderly Baron Ochs, he falls in love with her at first sight. Complications of an obvious kind follow. But the character likely to attract the Censor most is the Baron, whose remarks, considering his age, appear to need a deal of blue pencilling. But no doubt Mr. Redford will easily reduce him to the necessary inanity, and the piece will be made properly fit for the Young Person

An Interview with M. Pichon

By Our Paris Correspondent

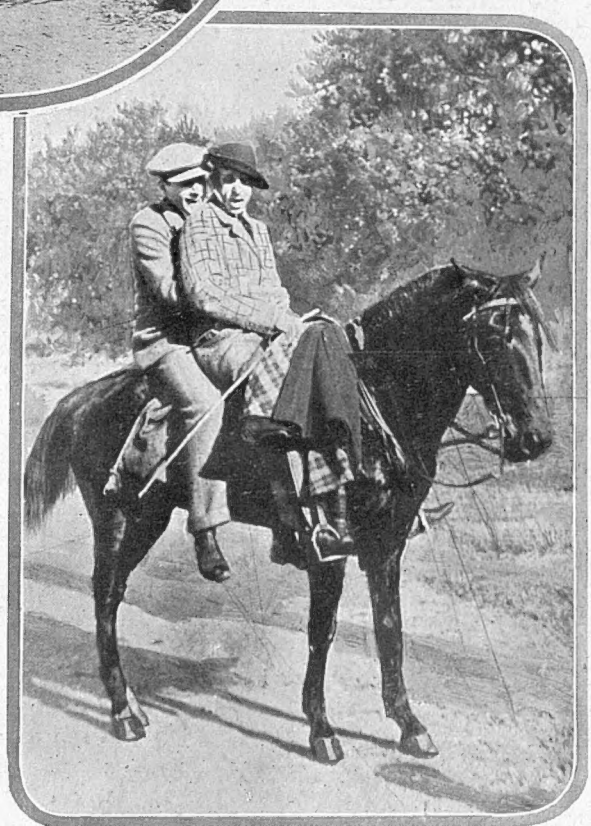
A Discreet Minister

The writer took the opportunity recently of calling on M. Pichon and asking him what he thought of an *entente* between France and Germany. "We are on perfectly good terms," he answered. "But I mean more," I said; "terms such as between England and France?" "Ah! That is different," said he; "England and France complete each other." "But they used to hate each other." "Yes, but very long ago, and they are cleverer now." "But do you not think that France and Germany can come to terms in some way?" "Why should they come to terms? Their relations are perfectly correct." "I mean about Alsace-Lorraine?" "There you go beyond my province. The object of my office is to preserve peace and strengthen our friendships without indisposing anyone."



The King of Wurtemburg, with his Secretary, Taking Photographs at Cap Martin

KINGS AT LEISURE



King Alfonso en Garçon

A remarkable photograph, which we publish without comment

France's Debt to Pichon

M. Pichon's speech in the Chamber was a masterpiece of oratory on these lines. Altogether M. Pichon has been a most successful Foreign Minister, and the French are grateful to him for the self-effacement with which he has carried out the policy of his predecessor without trying to carve out any new policy for himself. If France again stands high in the respect of the world it is due to the skill with which M. Pichon has steered his ship of State. If he has made mistakes they have not been obvious ones. It would be difficult to find a successor for him if M. Briand fell, though there are more Frenchmen in the Chamber who give special attention to foreign affairs than in the House of Commons. In the Senate there are M. Bourgeois, M. d'Estournelles de Constant; in the Deputies, besides M. Delcassé, M. Deschanel; and outside Parliament there is always M. Hanotaux, who preceded M. Delcassé; but none of these, except MM. Delcassé and Bourgeois, has had any recent experience. Of these, M. Bourgeois only accepted office under pressure before M. Pichon came upon the scene, and M. Delcassé is still considered too dangerous to be placed at the wheel for the time being.

Among the Lions

An element in both M. Delcassé's and M. Pichon's success was undoubtedly their power of expression, and as leader-writers on their respective papers they had the best training in the art of stating a case with discrimination. Moreover, it has saved them from the need of the professional Foreign Office *rédacteur*. At the present moment, too, it is necessary that France should be represented by somebody of exceptional experience and ability. The Diplomatic Corps in Paris is just now composed of some of the cleverest men in European diplomacy, such as M. Isvolsky, the ex-Foreign Minister of Russia; M. Tittoni, the ex-Foreign Minister of Italy; Mr. Bacon, of the United States; Samad Khan, the cleverest Persian in Europe; and Herr von Schoen, the ex-Foreign Minister of Germany. With such men to deal with, France needs somebody who is "all there" to hold her own.

Above Ridicule

M. Pichon owes a great deal of his success to his absolute lack of side. "*Voilà un qui ne fait pas l'embarras*," says the man in the street, and there is no chance of M. Pichon being used as the subject of some clever skit at the *Varietés*, as other of his colleagues have been. His popularity has never waned. His experience as a pressman has taught him to find out what the public want and to give it to them. France demands that, above all, her Foreign Minister shall be a patriot—a man who puts his country before himself, and M. Pichon has satisfied them in this respect.

GRACE ELLISON.

"The Octogenarian Chief"

—Byron.

A ROYAL SPORTSMAN, HALE AND HEARTY AT EIGHTY YEARS OF AGE

PRINCE CHRISTIAN GIVES A LITTLE OBJECT-LESSON IN SOMETHING OR OTHER

To small boys on the Royal estate at Cumberland Lodge. On the 22nd ult. H.R.H. celebrated his eightieth birthday. He is a General in the Army, A.D.C. to the King, High Steward of Windsor, and Ranger of Windsor Great Park

Photograph *Ernest Brooks*

HARRIET AND THE NEW HYPOCRISY

By ROBERT ROSS

The Old Harriet

At the end of the last century the "Harriet Problem" had reference to the desertion by Shelley of his first wife. In the 'eighties you were not in the movement unless you had views on the subject. The Shelley Society was founded by the late Dr. Furnivall mainly for discussing that unhappy union, though ostensibly for publishing facsimiles of the poet's first editions. Even then I took Harriet's side. Now it is another Harriet. *Chaque siècle a sa chimère.* In the *Times* the other day appeared a letter signed "Householder," relating how the writer's butler, in answer to an advertisement for a new situation in the *Morning Post,* received a communication from one Harriet. She invited the butler to supply her with social news and any scraps of gossip he might have heard, or might hear, in the exercise of his functions within our greater portals. She promised handsome terms, and mentioned vaguely that the "copy" was intended for America.

The New Harriet

The *Times* devoted a leader to the "New Social Pest." It professed to be scandalised at so monstrous and so novel a method of obtaining news, animadverting on this gross corruption of the English home for gratifying American curiosity. It was broadly hinted that such methods were peculiar to American journalism, and that hitherto, with certain low exceptions, our pure Press was immune from such unlawful traffic. Mr. William Archer, I rejoice to see, wrote next day pointing out that all this virtuous indignation was just a little belated and out of character, hinting that these evil harvests are consumed by the English Press with hardly less appetite than the American. Then Mr. Curtis Brown followed with a dignified defence of his countrymen.

The Northcliffe Régime

There is no paper for which I have greater admiration than the *Times*—politics apart. The Literary Supplement is far the best thing of its kind which has been published in my lifetime. The brilliancy of the daily leaders since Lord Northcliffe dominated Printing House Square is the admiration and envy of every journalist and newspaper proprietor. But really, when you think of the recent history of the *Times* and of other papers over which Lord Northcliffe presides, your wonder is divided between that leader about Harriet and the moderation of Mr. Archer's letter. You may even think of other papers over which Lord Northcliffe has no control and ask yourself how anyone could have the face to write and print it with French and German comic papers in existence across the Channel. Leaving aside the naïve and exquisite hypocrisy of the whole thing, which can be left for the tears of philosophic Mr. William Archer, I want to say something for poor "Harriet," now understood to be a Miss Churchill, execrated by the whole English Press.

'Arry to the Rescue

I know you will say "'Arry naturally defends 'Arriet." *Ipse dixit. Facilis decensus Averno* (this for a weekly contemporary). Why should not Harriet get her news as she can? At all events, she was ready to pay. There are more academic editors and agents who don't pay. She obviously wanted *accurate* news, for which certain editors and critics have a positive distaste. Were her methods more reprehensible than those adopted by the ordinary Press-interviewer or more novel than his? Was it more objectionable than selling obsolete editions of the encyclopædia by the aid of brazen and mendacious advertisements? Is Harriet any worse than the novelist who sits at your table and makes copy out of his host, his friends, and their foibles—the novelist who sells his *roman à clef* at a price much larger than Harriet or the butler will get for their less varnished narratives and anecdotes? Some sixteen years ago a well-known novelist built his name on the ruins of another's fame by those methods. He went up the Nile with a friend, took down his conversation, and reproduced his private telegrams. I don't blame Mr. Robert Hichens. I merely remind the *Times* of the circumstances.

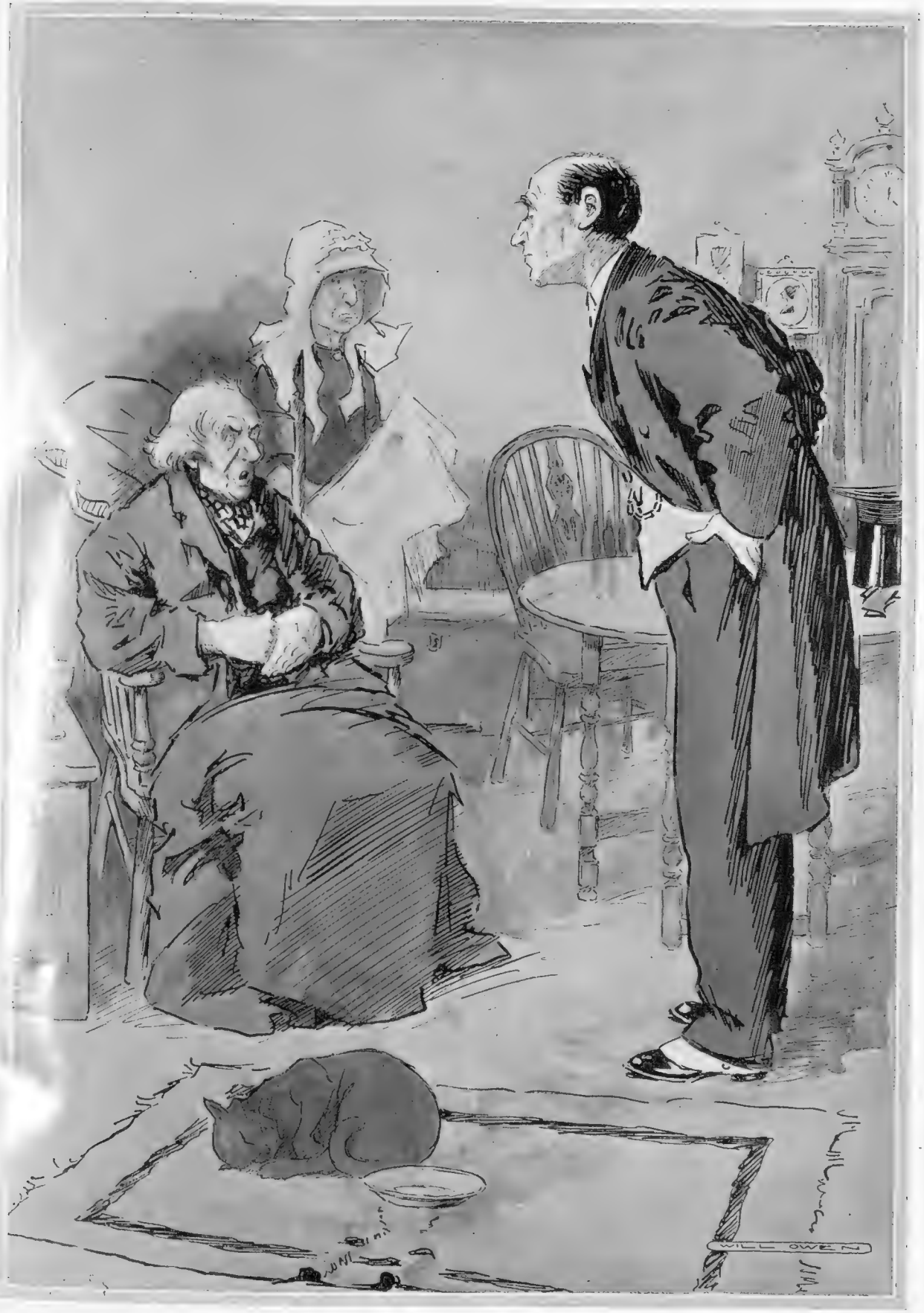
Snatched Obituaries

Again, how does the news of an eminent man's death reach one paper and not another before the bereaved relatives have time to forward the official announcement? How has that intelligence been received unless through one of the servants? Writing obituaries sometimes for a paper not favoured by domestics (except for the advertisements), I feel rather bitterly on this point, and wish I was more in touch than I am with footmen and butlers. Surely Harriet is no worse in her methods than other receivers of news in Fleet Street, at all events. The character of her news is another question; that is a matter for the public. Every nation has the Reuters it deserves. If her news be authentic, it is far above the average Fleet Street standard. If she pays properly, I opine that she has just as much right to earn her living as other journalists and literary agents.

Lord Howard De Walden

I would be ready to defend the butler, but this particular one, like another St. Anthony, resisted temptation. My brief is for the fallen. That exalted personages care tuppence what news their servants purvey in Fleet Street or elsewhere I simply do not believe. The custom has prevailed for more than twenty years and longer. To judge by the style of some Society paragraphs they must be accepted without editorial supervision. The most ill-natured are not always from the servants. My own manservant, by the way, tells me that he distinctly saw Lord Howard de Walden coming out of Belgrave Square last week! I wish Miss Harriet Churchill would communicate with us. I might pay his overdue wages. If these words *should* meet the eye of Miss Churchill, etc., she will hear of something to her advantage!

No Possible Doubt Whatever



Dissatisfied Patient: "They tell me old Jarvis died of appendicitis, an' you thought all the time it was liver"
The Doctor: "My good man, just understand this. If I treat a man for liver trouble he dies of liver trouble"

BY WILL OWEN

FROM A BYSTANDER'S POINT OF VIEW

IT seems a little unsportsmanlike of Members of the Cabinet to go to meetings guarded by the police. Nobody wishes them any harm, of course, but it has been a gloomy month on the whole, and a skirmish between Mr. George and his shepherd would enliven everybody.

* * *

Again, Mr. Churchill bestriding the fallen body of Mr. Haldane, who has been pushed down, say, in an onset of Suffragettes, would make an interesting picture for the daily papers. Mr. Churchill might be armed with an automatic umbrella, sighted up to six mètres. The scene could be Downing Street.

* * *

I repeat, we do not want any more Battles of London. But the Suffragettes are hungry for war, it appears, and it is better they should have one now than later, in Coronation time.

* * *

Preparations for All-British Shopping Week seem to be going on apace. Special trains are to be run to London for it, and no doubt there will be special ambulances for faint shoppers. Might I suggest that the larger stores should keep one or two tailors and sewing-women in attendance to stitch up the frocks of those who have got torn and scratched in the press?

* * *

Men cannot show their patriotism as easily as women. Take this matter of wearing All-British silk. I should like to, but cotton is so much cheaper. Still, a man can always see to it that at least he gets All-British silk clocks to his socks, and it should not be so hard to go off with an All-British silk umbrella.

* * *

If a foreigner had paid for it, so much the better. I will not, however, play golf in silk knickerbockers, though the Empire should fall.

* * *

The West case only proves once more how lax our authorities are in admitting the public to our Courts of Justice free of charge instead of pricing the seats at the current music-hall rates.

* * *

"Then I die happy," General Wolfe is reported to have said when he was told that the enemy were flying. Things have changed since then, and the news that fifty more German officers have been commanded to learn flying has had a by no means soothing effect upon our present Generals.

* * *

The Kaiser, it is said, intends to hold a review of these military aviators shortly. Those who have to be present at this review are hoping His Majesty will not decide to give any lessons in the art of flying, particularly as an appearance on their part of attempting to get out of his way would probably amount to *lèse-majesté*, and would be punishable as such—if they succeeded.

* * *

The Vicar of Drax (Selby), Yorkshire, has declined to accept for a charity the sum of £6—the proceeds of an amateur play. The Vicar is quite right. To take money from people who are good enough to go and see an amateur play is no better than burgling.

* * *

Actually, however, the Vicar's reasons for refusing the sum are that he believes plays on the whole in the present day to be demoralising, since "they familiarise people with criminal passions, low morals, and dastardly deeds." I daresay the Vicar is right again. But I never quite had this feeling myself at an amateur production.

* * *

A process has been invented whereby photographs — says a contemporary — can be reproduced on woollen and other materials, so that people can, if they like, have antimacassars, sofa cushions, and so on stamped with the pictures of their friends and relations. I never much cared about antimacassars before, but I should like one thus adorned.

* * *

What excellent birthday gifts such things would make, too! Only—how difficult to thank for them. Fancy having to write:

My dear Aunt,—Many, many thanks for that lovely fat sofa cushion. It is so exactly like you that I hardly like to sit on it . . .

Or again:

Heartfelt thanks for your sweet face on the anti macassar. You wash beautifully, and everybody seems to make naturally for the chair from which you look out. "I can't bear looking at her—she is so lifelike," as Mrs. Gardiner said only yesterday, before planking herself in front of you.

South Pole Meteorological Note

EXPLORER (*to native*): "Don't you find it rather cold sitting here all day"

NATIVE: "It's a bit nippy in winter sometimes"

BY GEORGE MORROW

Did Napoleon Visit London?

A PICTORIAL RECORD OF INEVITABLE INCIDENTS OF HIS STAY

A controversy has recently been raging in the newspapers as to whether Napoleon at any period of his career visited London. Mr. Norman Morrow, with the artist's license, assumes that he did, and supplies some speculative sketches of "Boney's" experiences in the Metropolis

Sophocles in a Circus

Herr Paul Wegener as King Œdipus in "Œdipus Rex"

Another Portrait of Fraulein Durieux as Queen Jokasta

Fraulein Tilla Durieux as Queen Jokasta in "Œdipus Rex"

A version of "Œdipus Rex" has been played for the first time under exactly the same conditions as it was played in Athenian days. One is not surprised to learn that the city responsible for the production is that centre of European culture, Berlin. The play, which was regarded by Aristotle as the *chef d'œuvre* of tragedy, enjoyed extraordinary success. Wonderful things are related of the production, extraordinary in point of the number of the chorus, of the attempt to infuse modern passion into the classic work, and of the strong effects of lighting. Max Reinhardt was the producer, and the stage was the arena of a circus. On the strength of the production a Society for the Promotion of a National Dramatic Festival was founded.

The Great Scene in the Berlin Production of "Œdipus Rex"

The great feature of Sophocles' masterpiece is its equal combination of constructive ingenuity and tragic power. The poignancy and pathetic interest of the play is unrivalled. It is, moreover, a triumph of poetic skill. The translation used for this production in a Berlin circus was by Hugo von Hofmannsthal, the author of *Elektra*, taken by Strauss as the liberetto of his opera

SEX AND THE SHORT STORY

A FEW REMARKS TO WIND UP THE DISCUSSION: BY THE EDITOR

I FEEL some diffidence in writing a comment on this controversy for fear that the reader may suspect me of airing a personal opinion. May I state that nothing is further from the truth? A personal opinion is as out of place in an editorial chair as it is on the Bench or in the House of Commons. A judge is the Law, a politician his Party, and an editor is his Chair.

This Chair has carefully read all the letters sent in, both by writers and readers, in reply to the question it submitted: "Is it necessary for art or for popular taste that a short story should contain a love or a sex interest," and it has to report that the overwhelming majority agree that NO love and NO sex interest is *necessary* either for art or for popular interest. That is what was to be discovered, and the Chair now begs to submit the following comment:

If it is not necessary that a short story should contain a love or a sex interest, neither is it necessary that it shouldn't. Nothing, in short, is necessary. It is a matter of author's choice. What will guide author's choice? Partly, no doubt, art; partly, public taste. Mostly both. As an author will want his story read as well as written, it is probable that, in writing it, he will ask the vulgar question, "What does the public want?" And here the Editorial Chair, which exists to ascertain that important fact, and is the medium through which the Writer appears before the Reader, comes in. The Chair of THE BYSTANDER respectfully suggests that the ideal short story is that which satisfies Art *and* the Public Taste at one and the same time.

To satisfy Art, it may be elegantly poised upon (as Mr. Eden Phillpotts suggested) the tip of a mummy's nose. To satisfy Public Taste, it will, in all probability, be required to be poised upon something equally human, but a good deal more vital. The more human and the more vital the story is, the more will satisfy public taste. Perhaps the most judicial statement in the whole matter came from Mr. W. T. Stead, to whom I should much like to award some sort of Nobel Prize.

"You may leave anything out of a good short story you like so long as the dramatic and human interest survives. . . . But it is much easier to bring in the human interest by the road of sex than by any other."

If I may say so, with due reverence, it was by the road of sex that human interest was first introduced into the world itself, and the First Great Plot was hatched on that theme. Write, by all means, the story of the mummy's nose. But to make it interesting it will have to be some particular mummy, and behind the scenes there will have to be one or two living and breathing souls, animated by some definite motive. There are souls of both sexes, and it is a fact that the strongest motive possible will arise from the relations of those sexes. The stronger the motive, the more interesting a short story. Therefore, Mr. Phillpotts, did he wish to interest us in that mummy's nose, would probably put a man and a woman somewhere in the Egyptian darkness around, and, when he had written the story, he would probably reverently remove the mummy altogether from the action and "serve."

THE BYSTANDER Chair wants its writers to be absolutely free from any obligation to deal with sex relationships, but, as it wants to interest a majority of its readers, it is more likely to like a story which uses the sex *motif* than one that ignores it, because Human Nature is Human Nature, and the whole demand for short stories is based on the desire for romance, in which the Man and the Woman are as essential as two wires are to a fuse.

For many years past—in fact, from the foundation of the paper—our short story policy has been simple. "Worldly" was the original designation of our stories, and the motto inscribed thereon was that of Chesterfield: "Let the great book of the world be your study."

The rapid increase of circulation of THE BYSTANDER, then only the latest of what was looked on as an already overcrowded department of journalism, was in no small measure traceable to its literary policy. In time "worldly" became so accepted as the catchword of that policy that it was no longer necessary to insist on it. By "Bystander Short Story" the public knew precisely what to expect, *i.e.*, a story treating frankly of the affairs of men and women of the real world as distinct from the world of literary make-believe.

We have not swerved from that policy, and we shall not swerve from it. We regard the short story in a weekly periodical as primarily intended *pour passer le temps*. That every story should, as well as passing the time, be an artistic gem, is a pious hope, and we would for all the world that it were realisable. But is it not a fact—which is borne out by many of the literary experts we consulted—that the artistic gem among short stories is so rare that one is able to write the names of such on one half-sheet of paper, and the names of artistic paste-gems on one sheet of foolscap? The gem is, of necessity, rare. We cannot promise a gem a week. What we can offer, and claim that we provide, is a story sufficiently interesting to satisfy the public for which it is intended—the public that *reads* short stories.

The charge that BYSTANDER short stories deal exclusively with "sex," or that they are "unwholesome," we respectfully suggest is unproven. The general run of stories, as our analysis of January 4 showed, were free altogether from "Saunterer's" so-called "illicit relationships." Many of our stories dealt with subjects as remote from sex as Mr. Phillpotts's mummy's nose. As to "unwholesome"—here I find myself in the welter of the controversy.

I have carefully analysed the letters of my correspondents who use the word "unwholesome" in this connection. There are those who protest against all allusions to so-called "sex problems" as "out of place" in literature. Such people, had they their way, would bring the whole machinery of literature

to a standstill. They would have censored half the classics, very much of Shakespeare, and, if they were thorough, of the Bible itself. There would be no *Decameron*, little Balzac, and less Rabelais. Avaunt, Daudet. Alas, poor Zola! Smollett, Fielding, and Richardson would go. Dickens, even, would be carefully pruned. Thomas Hardy would be "Tess-less" and "Jude-less." And what of Mr. H. G. Wells? And Mr. Bernard Shaw? How much of Mr. Kipling?

Our literature might be "clean"—but at what a cost! I need, surely, say no more than that if "unwholesome" means the frank treatment of the problems of human nature, it is a word that can no more be allowed in the literature of a free people than the knout of the Russian policeman can be allowed in our streets.

The men and women who write thus, however, rarely write even for themselves. One says he cannot give certain of our stories to "young people," another complains that he cannot read our stories to his "aged mother." *Je n'en vois pas la necessité!* Literature, and art of any kind, cannot adapt itself to any one standard of age, any more than it can to any one standard of class. Its appeal *must* be to the generality of men and women.

But, now, I recognise another type of critic, who says (as does the prizewinner of our competition, the Rev. Glenn Dalrymple), that the "sex" story is only bad if it glorifies sin, or omits to show it in its ugliness.

With that I most cordially agree. The whole purpose of literature must be to provide good food for the public mind. We claim that to tell the truth *is* good food, and to distort the truth, whether by making men and women out better than they are or worse than they are, is to give the public bad food.

Stories in which the world is always a rose-garden are pernicious; so are stories which make the world a sewer. The truth must be that the world itself is neither, that men and women are more or less *as* they are, a composition of good and bad. A short story, if it be anything more than a mere episode or inspiration, as Mr. Wells would have it, should certainly aim at bringing out in relief the higher phases of human nature. That is not only "moral," but also artistic.

The short-story writer who stresses only the seamy and vicious side of life and character is not only immoral, but inartistic.

So far as The Bystander is concerned, we do not necessarily wish the truths we speak to be unpleasant. As, in selecting the portrait of a light of Society or the stage, it is our aim to select the most attractive picture, so in our short stories, when looking for good stories and truthful stories, we keep as open an eye as possible for the pleasant ones.

In this respect, however, we are very greatly in the hands of the authors. What is hoped is that Bystander story writers, having read the opinions of the leaders of their own profession, and also of the men and women who *read* their efforts, will lay the lesson to their souls. Their function is to interest, and to tell the truth, without irritating or offending susceptibilities. The advanced Socialist dining with a peer probably does not, over walnuts and wine, indulge in turgid abuse. The student of realism should, when writing for a mixed audience of men and women, observe equal restraint. Consistent with art, he can quite easily be pleasant.

WE INVITE HIM TO TRY

A "Bystander" short story should be not more than 4,000, and not less than 2,000 words. It should deal with episodes rather than problems, and should be entertaining rather than instructive.

If the story is written specially to suit our requirements, and the author says so in sending it in, it will receive more immediate attention than a story not so certified.

Short stories should be addressed to the Literary Editor, "The Bystander," Tallis Street, London, E.C., and should be marked "Bystander Short Story."

ELINOR GLYN'S VIEW

I am much interested in the question raised in The Bystander about short stories. These are my views. I imagine that if a short story is to be arresting it should contain some dramatic incident which can be given in a few words. The great thing is to present a distinct picture. The sex question and the Seventh Commandment seem to me much better left out of any story when the limit of space does not permit of these subjects being treated in a psychological manner.

Masterpieces in the way of short stories, to my mind, are those of Guy de Maupassant and the exquisite, tender sketches of Mary E. Wilkins. But the average short story in almost any magazine is better written than the average book. From the point of view of literature and art, it would be impossible to lay down a hard and fast rule as to what subject to write about and what to avoid. But this much I would say—if not written by a great artist, such as the two I spoke of above—an exciting ghost or burglary or mystery story in a magazine seems much more interesting than a love incident unless that is of a dashing, adventurous, "Gretna Green" character. If I were a writer of short stories I think I should train my mind to observe all sorts of quaint little scenes of human nature which so constantly go on around us, and make their chronicling my particular clue, like the delicious American ones of John Fox, Jun. I once read a short story in a penny magazine many years ago. I cannot even remember its name, or the name of the magazine—it was certainly of no importance—but the story was written by a genius, even if he has never written another, because it has haunted me until this day, and I could tell it all now. It was intensely pathetic, and human, and sad.

Personally, there is nothing I should find so difficult as to write a short story of any kind.

Elinor Glyn.

(*For continuation of readers' views, see page 250*)

A Daughter of the Hohenzollerns

AMONG THE MONUMENTS BEQUEATHED BY THE PTOLEMIES

THE CROWN PRINCESS OF GERMANY, ESCORTED BY THE FAMOUS EGYPTOLOGIST, PROFESSOR BURKHARD, VISITS THE TEMPLE OF KARNAK, EGYPT

The great temple at Karnak is regarded as the most wonderful in Egypt. It took nearly 3,000 years to build, from 3,000 B.C. to about 100 B.C. The great gateway, the propylon, is seen in the above picture. Having passed the propylon one enters a great open court surrounded by pillared corridors. Then comes the grand Hypostyle Hall, of an area sufficient to accommodate the entire church of Notre Dame at Paris. Many other superb halls follow, including the celebrated Hall of Ancestors. The wonders of the place can scarcely be exhausted in a day

THE BYSTANDER ON THE RIVIERA

GOSSIP AND PHOTOGRAPHS FROM MONTE CARLO, NICE, AND CANNES

RACING at Nice is over, and there are few to regret the fact, for it has been a particularly "busy" fortnight, what with three days at the Var per week and gambling every night and nearly all night long at the Casinos of Nice and Monte Carlo. At the latter place all the gossip centres round the lucky Captain de Courcey Bower, who, in spite of a setback of £30,000 the other night, still keeps well ahead of the tables. The other afternoon he picked up twelve maximums running at trente-et-quarante, and he now has six people playing for him when he is not at the tables himself. The hotels and restaurants of the Riviera have cause to bless his name, for his liberality is phenomenal, even for the Azur Coast, where people are more or less inclined to look upon gold as mere counters. What is more, he has not only been lucky at trente-et-quarante and roulette, but also had a good win for the Grand Prix. So far he has left baccarat alone, but they are hoping at Nice that he may turn his attentions to that game.

SUNNING THEMSELVES AT MONTE CARLO

Lord Victor Paget

Lord and Lady Savile

The shadows in the left-hand picture provide overwhelming evidence that the sun still shines somewhere. It is evidently becoming as necessary to wear a soft hat on the Riviera as a hard one at Ascot

The play at Nice, by the way, has been higher than ever these last few days, and some huge "differences" have been made by such people as Mr. Bucholzer and Mr. James Hennessy, whose horse, Renteria, looked a good thing for the Prix du Grand Cercle, and proved that it was so by winning easily. The other night Mr. Hennessy had an extraordinary lucky run, and the *mille* notes were piled up so high that one had literally to peep over them to catch a glimpse of their proprietor. The jockeys were very busy at the tables all through the season, but nearly every one of them came off the loser, and Parfrement was heard to declare the other night that he would not be sorry to get back to Paris!

Pretty Women Prettily Clothed at Nice

Some charming furs at Nice—where the wind is sometimes cold, despite the sunshine

Quite a lot of notabilities have been arriving this last few days. The Empress Eugénie is back at the Villa Cyrnos at Cap Martin, and is to be found every day taking a constitutional in those lovely woods that surround her house. She is still very active, and takes immense interest in local affairs. The Duke of Marlborough is at Monte Carlo, where the redoubtable Mr. Robert Sievier has also arrived and been doing himself no harm at the Sporting Club. Mr. Kenneth Clark is at his new villa at Cap Martin, and Mr. Barclay Walker is another well-known *habitué* seen about.

The success of the season so far is very clearly proved by the fact that Fleury, of the Hotel de Paris, told me the other day that the receipts of that establishment for this season were so far over £10,000 ahead of those of last year. Ciro, too, has been doing extraordinarily good business, while at Nice the Restaurant Royal has been crowded for luncheon, tea, and dinner. The same remark applies to the Restaurant of the Casino, where that famous Riviera *comique*, "Georgie," is now amusing people at supper-time. One wonders where all the people will be stowed away by the time Queen Carnival—for King Carnival will scarcely count this year—makes her appearance.

There is no more charming hotel in all Cannes than the Métropole, which, set as it is in a frame of pinewoods, just far enough, but not too far, from all that is "going on," is an ideal resort for those who want to be *dans le mouvement* and yet out of it at the same time. There have been several notable arrivals at the Métropole, Cannes, of late, including Lord Cadogan and his bride, Mr. and Mrs. W. Samson, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Dixon, Mrs. H. Stanley, and Mr. H. M. Hirkham.

The Waiter of Waiters—the French Waiter

"GARÇON," ACCORDING TO H. M. BATEMAN

The type illustrated by Mr. Bateman is probably the waiter of waiters. Swift, polite, a connoisseur of cuisine, he is usually, in private life, a wealthy bourgeois, with sons in the Army or Civil Service

London Nights Entertainments

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

"PRESERVING MR. PANMURE" AT THE COMEDY THEATRE

SIR ARTHUR PINERO distinctly states on the programme that this is a "Comic Play," so you can't plead that you didn't know. I think, however, the most remarkable feature about it is the representation of the name-part by Mr. Arthur Playfair, who gives us a picture of a "reformed" sinner that is drawn with a startling fidelity and unequivocal success. In make-up and manner Mr. Playfair is totally unlike any character I have seen him acting before. Mr. Panmure is quite a horrid person; but he has been sketched with a ferocious accuracy to life, as if, instead of drawing his outlines with a pen, Arthur Pinero had stabbed them out of paper with his knife. We do not know why Mr. Panmure has "reformed," but when the play opens we find him very diligent respecting the conduct of family prayers; and it seems that twice a week he delivers a sermon or homily of his own composition. For the moment he is alone with his thoughts and greatly worried, as he cannot think of a topic for his sermon that is due that evening; and even his singing of a playful request to be put upon an island where the girls are few does not bring him any nearer the desired inspiration. Then along comes Josepha, the governess (a daintily clever performance by Miss Marie Löhr). She wonders why Mr. Panmure bothers so much about writing an original sermon when there is such a large supply to crib from in the library upstairs. Panmure had never thought of that. He is so pleased at being able to see a way out of his difficulty that he rushes after Josepha and—kisses her. And upon this trifling incident Arthur Pinero has built a four-act play.

Miss Lilian Braithwaite as Mrs. Panmure at the Comedy Theatre: By Norman Morrow

One is obliged to assume, of course, that our author means no more than he says; and in that case it must be confessed that it looks as if a lot of quite unnecessary fuss were being made about an incident which is not phenomenally rare, and has been known to occur in even the best families. Of course, if this kiss is meant to be considered allegorically, it is another matter. I remember that in respect of a play in which a princess unfortunately got her Nose damaged in a girlish escapade, Mr. Henry Arthur Jones was careful to explain to us, in the necessarily convincing words of Tristram Shandy, that "by that word I mean a Nose, and nothing more nor less." Arthur Pinero does not, apparently, think any such assurance as to his intentions necessary, and we are left to assume that he really thinks the simple kiss in question was worth all the commotion he has made of it. Josepha comes back into the room with a cry of horror, and wipes her lips with first one hand and then the other, as if the kiss had left a stain that could be removed by nothing short of a surgical operation. Perhaps, however, this is the "comic" part of the play; and in that event I cannot discuss it, because it is a recognised axiom that one ought not to criticise what one does not understand.

No more would have been heard of the kiss if Josepha had not been observed to be looking somewhat moody and sad. Pressed by Mrs. Panmure's aunt for the reason of her gentle melancholy, Josepha pitches a most unlikely yarn about a friend of hers who has been kissed by unwelcome violence, and the aunt, being an extremely perspicacious lady, at once fastens the trouble on the right victim. In a few minutes Josepha is under cross-examination. Who was the scoundrel? Tell us his name! There is an old proverb that bids us kiss and never tell. I do not know if it is intended to be equally binding on the kissed; but Josepha seems to regard it as being so. Panmure had appealed to her, as he sat overcome by the thought of the enormity of his offence, to be a good sportsman and not to give him away; and Josepha very magnanimously agrees to keep the fatal truth from Mrs. Panmure, who, helped by her aunt and her sister, shows a quite unhealthy curiosity to learn the name of the gentleman who has taken the liberty of kissing the pretty governess—which, after all, is not such a very harmful thing to do. Besides, I am told the governesses like it. The distressing part of the business is that Panmure, as the head of the house, is deputed to go to the other gentlemen, in order to wring from them the guilty secret. This may be

Pinerotic Persiflage at the Comedy

BY NORMAN MORROW

comic, but I must confess I did not find it very interesting. The parties did not seem to have enough at stake either way. If we had understood that Panmure would have lost a fortune by being found out in so simple an offence, or that Mrs. Panmure would have gained some correspondingly great advantage by bringing her husband's sin home to him, we should at least have had some incentive to follow the course of events with a little mild curiosity as to the issue ; but as things are we can only conclude that even if Mrs. Panmure should end by finding out the truth, she will only congratulate herself on the fact that it was no worse.

As Josepha is determined to preserve Mr. Panmure from discovery, she goes to two of the gentlemen staying in the house and begs that one of them will be so kind as to take upon himself the fault which is being so mercilessly investigated. At first they decline, in spite of the fact that both are single gentlemen, and are both in love with Josepha. This provides an opportunity for more comic business, Josepha having threatened, in the event of refusal, to go and stand outside in the rain and catch pneumonia. Being unable to obtain a satisfactory answer from them, she goes outside accordingly, and after they have allowed her to stand there some time, one of the gentlemen brings her in again, with her nice eleven-guinea muslin dress totally ruined. Fortunately they find there is a dressing-room adjacent, and into this Josepha is hustled so that she may reappear in a dressing-jacket over a garment which (I speak under correction, of course) looks like her petticoat. This adjacent room serves another purpose, for Josepha is able to hide there on the approach of Panmure ; and while that reformed character is endeavouring to fasten his own guilt on one of his guests, Josepha appears with such abruptness that Panmure's emotion betrays him. As the time for family prayers is drawing near, and the ladies are likewise approaching, and something has got to be done to introduce a little variety into the theme, one of the guests stands up and makes a bogus confession, and gets his face slapped by another guest for his pains.

Sir Arthur Pinero

Photographed in his study. The famous dramatist has just introduced to the public a farcical play entitled *Preserving Mr. Panmure*. "Jingle" reviews it in these columns

As previously stated, this is a comic play ; but there are stages at which even Sir Arthur Pinero seems to have doubted whether it is quite comic enough for a mixed audience. So here and there he introduces an incident of the kind that people are accustomed to laugh at quite uproariously. There has been some talk, for instance, of the fact that little Miss Panmure (a clever performance by Miss Iris Hawkins) has been out in the east wind and has got a red nose. Presently the governess notes the fact, and rather irritably gives the offending nose a liberal dab with her own powder-puff. The blob of powder makes a white bull's-eye in the centre of the child's face, but it must not be removed all at once as otherwise the joke would be spoiled. So she sits in a chair and looks at us until somebody in mercy wipes her face for her. Another comic scene arises when one of three ladies talking together orders a liqueur brandy to be set for her on a side table for future reference. The second lady, passing the table a few moments later, takes up the glass absently, and then the first lady, hurrying up to her, points out that the refreshment is already booked. During the altercation the third lady steps forward, and, taking the cordial from the second lady's hand, swallows it. After all, at this season of the year we cannot allow the pantomimes to have a monopoly of comic business. What ?

Another comic feature occurs when the two gentlemen who are in love with Josepha agree to draw lots for her. They are to take pieces of paper from a narrow-mouthed vase, and the first man, after thrusting his hand in, finds that he cannot get it out again for quite a long time, and then he has to appeal for help. Ha, ha ! You see what I mean. We know these scenes are comic because they have stood the test of time ; but I think we are entitled to look for something better than this from Arthur Pinero, especially when we remember that he is the author of some of the wittiest and most amusing plays that have appeared on the stage in our generation. *Preserving Mr. Panmure* is, of course, a clever play from the point of view of dramatic construction ; but I think it might have been a little funnier, even if some of the "unities" had to go overboard in the rush. After all, the public is not concerned with the question as to whether a certain play is correct in its technical details. That is for posterity to discuss. All that is required for the moment is that a play shall be amusing ; and it seems to me that the present production might be improved to that end very considerably, especially in the last act, which threatens to become a little wearisome. I have read in a newspaper lately that Sir Arthur Pinero is our greatest living dramatist ; and I have read also that *Preserving Mr. Panmure* is a great success, both artistic and financial, and I can only express my unalloyed pleasure at both items of information.

JINGLE.

TO REMIND THE DUTCH

OF COLONIES THEY POSSESS— AND MIGHT LOSE IN CERTAIN PAINFUL EVENTUALITIES

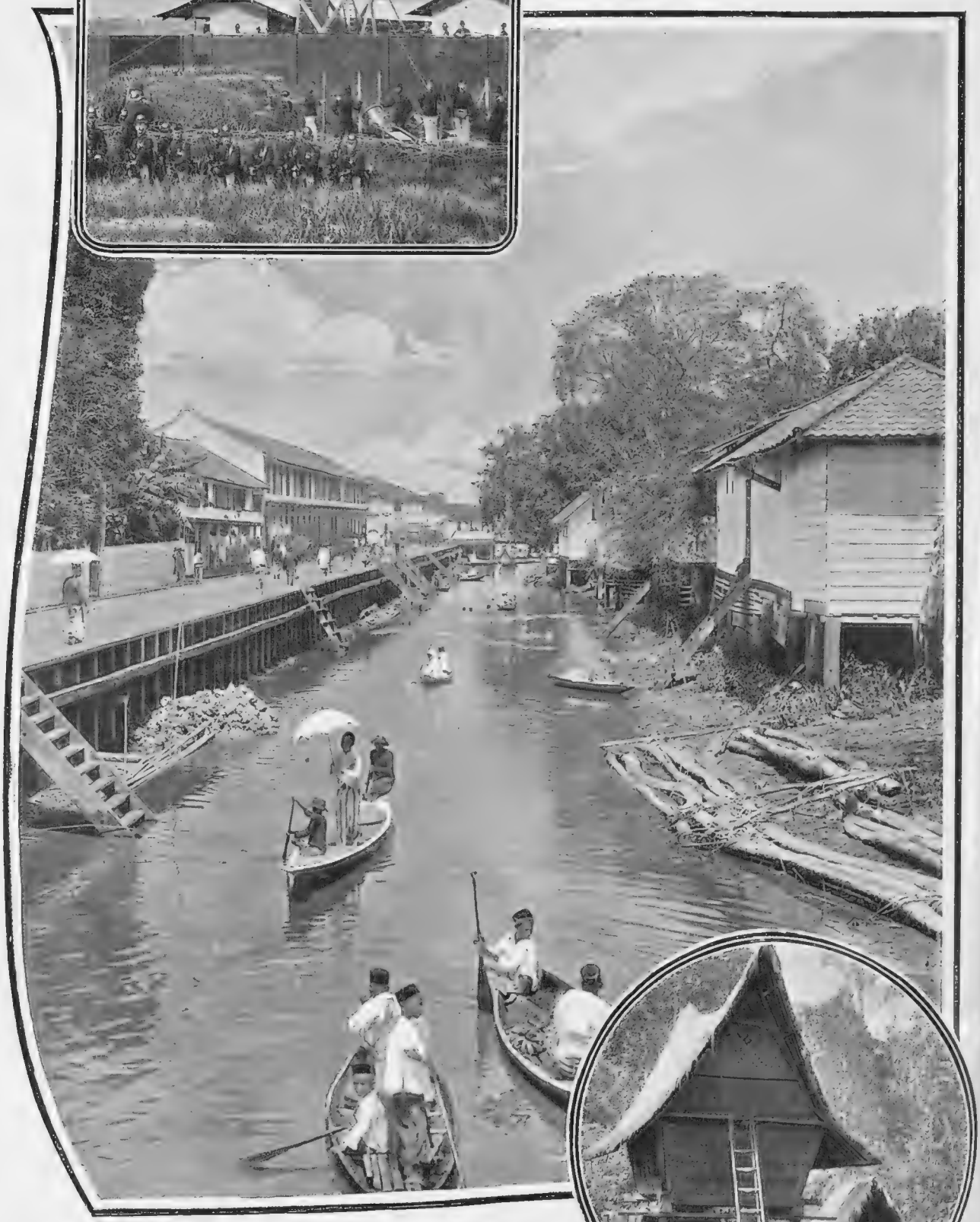
Photographs *E.N.A.*

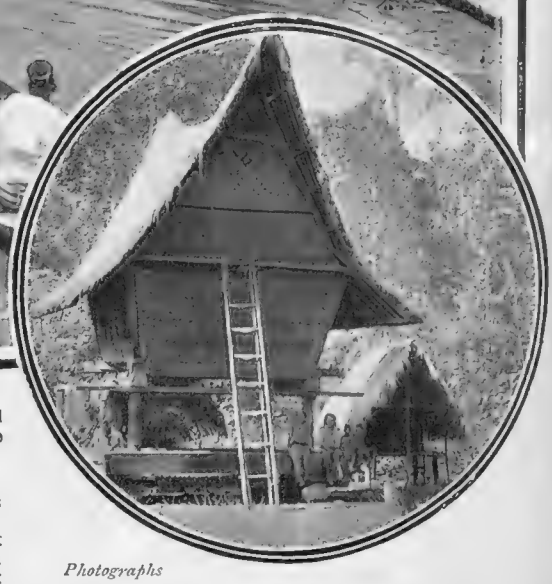
THE DUTCH WEST INDIES: CURAÇAO AND SABA

Should Holland join the Triple Alliance (as is foreshadowed) the danger to her would not only lie at home, but abroad. The superior naval forces of Britain and France (joined possibly by America) would take speedy possession of her fine Colonies. On this page we illustrate the Dutch West Indies. Curaçao—the name of which suggests its principal export—is the chief of five small Dutch islands, which together have an area of 46,508 sq. miles and population of 85,0 0. Photograph No. 1 shows the landing-stage on the isle of Saba. Nos. 2, 3, and 4 are views of the flourishing port at Curaçao

Holland's Eastern Empire

SUMATRA AND THE EVER-REBELLIOUS ATCHIN





1. Forts at Kutu Paoji, Atchin, which are still actively engaged with the perennial Atchinese rebels. 2. The River at Palambang, Sumatra. 3. Native House in the rebel Atchin country

Sumatra (the scene of our centre illustration) is, after Borneo, the largest island of the East Indies, being nearly as big as Spain. It cultivates extensively rice, sugar, coffee, pepper, cocoa-nuts, sago, maize, and tobacco. Atchin, the neighbouring island, enjoys the reputation of being the most rebellious colony in the world. It has really never been conquered, and only lately there has been reported news of another great battle. Our first photograph gives a glimpse of one of the Atchinese forts, and our third is a typical native house in Atchin

Photographs

Holland's Eastern Empire

SOME VIEWS OF JAVA

E.N.A.

1. The Market at Garoet, Java. 2. A Typical Javanese Landscape, the road to Telaga Bodas. 3. A Battak Encampment in Java

The very name Java conjures up visions of warmth, wealth, and luxury. Sugar, coffee, indigo, tea, tobacco—these are some of its principal exports, and its population is equal almost to that of England and Wales. The Javanese vegetation is luxurious and its scenery superb. Java's proximity to British and American possessions (to say nothing of Japan) suggests how very dangerous it would be for Holland to embroil herself with a coalition of those Powers in order to placate Germany

"OH, THE FRESHNESS OF THE MORNING ON LAKE LOUISE."—CANADIAN POET

One of the most impressive of the views in the Rocky Mountains, the above is the scene of a chapter in Mrs. Humphry Ward's recent novel, "Canadian Born"

Bystander Short Story

BUT FOR GIOVANNA

By MAUD ARNOLL

SO many scandals group themselves round the name of a great singer, and in the case of Ancona the evil that men said of him was so nearly true that it is pleasant to be able to record an instance where the world thought worse of him than he deserved. As a matter of fact, the world knew nothing about it until some years later, when Roumsguérin proved his gratitude by setting afloat a certain version of the story which began in truth and ended where the public fain would have it end. But Roumsguérin made no mention of the English journalist, to whom Ancona had so inappropriately applied the name of Giovanna.

The history, romanceful and melodramatic, of the too attractive tenor has been told elsewhere, and to those who are acquainted with it it may be of interest to know that the following incident occurred in Paris in the autumn following the production, in Milan, of Umbertini's "Ice Maiden," and that, in consequence, the name of Olga was still as music in Ancona's ears.

The tenor arrived in Paris some four weeks prior to his début at the Opéra Comique. His fame was not world-wide at that time, and no special excitement attended his advent. Nevertheless, he set hope singing anew in one poor waiting heart where bitter disappointment had of late held sway.

He had the name, among those who knew something of him, of being kind to poorer brethren in art, and so it came about that only a few days after he had taken up his quarters in the Hôtel des Étoiles a card was brought to him bearing the name

ALMIRE ROUMSGUÉRIN,

with the information that a gentleman was waiting to see him.

"He could be no less with a name like that," said Ancona to himself, and to the waiter, "Admit him."

Thereupon there entered a young man of Bohemian aspect, with a leonine mane and a face not unpleasing, now that adversity had subdued its naturally fatuous expression. He was shabby, but picturesquely so, wore a Byronic collar and a dark-green tie, knotted with careful negligence, and carried a wide-brimmed hat of softest felt beneath his arm.

"Enter an artist indeed!" said Ancona, again addressing himself. "How shall I, poor Philistine, with my stiff collar and my English clothes, receive him?"

None the less, he did receive him, and very pleasantly, welcoming him in his best French, which might have been better.

"Ah," cried Roumsguérin, "your kindness makes me the more ashamed of my presumption in addressing you. What right have I, a perfect stranger, to trouble you with my unhappy story? And yet the best of rights, the right of the small to claim the protection of the great. Monsieur, God has gifted me with a magnificent voice; alas! that he should have neglected to supply me with the means of developing it. I am poor, I am unknown, I am without influence, and my scanty means would not permit me to go to any of the best masters; I have been under a second-rate teacher, and I feel that he can teach me little, and that little, maybe, I had best unlearn. Oh, if I could be fortunate enough to interest a great artist like yourself in my career, how different things might be! A word from you might prevail upon one of our great masters here to test my voice. Oh, speak that word, I beg of you! Use your influence on my behalf, I implore you! Help me, monsieur, and I swear that eternity itself shall not contain the measure of my gratitude!"

Ancona had listened to this impassioned appeal with the famous eyebrows drawn together; at its close he was strongly tempted to cry, "Bravo!" but drowned the impulse in the famous smile. Then he said:

"My dear colleague, if there is aught that I can do it shall be done. I fear you exaggerate my influence, but I am ready and willing to put it to the test. First of all, however, I must hear you sing. Come to me to-morrow morning—say at eleven. My accompanist will be here, and I will play the rôle of impresario. No—no thanks. Thank me when I have done you some definite good. Till to-morrow, then."

Punctually at eleven next morning Roumsguérin reappeared, bringing with him a roll of music and an interesting item of news.

"A strange thing has happened, Monsieur," he exclaimed. "Last night I received a letter—I feel that I must show it to you."

He took an envelope from the breast pocket of his coat, and handed it to the tenor. It was addressed to Monsieur A. Roumsguérin at a street that does not matter, on the other side of the river. The writing was obviously a woman's, but not a Frenchwoman's.

"You wish me to read it?" Ancona asked.

"But yes, Monsieur. I wonder what you will think. For me, I find it a most curious coincidence."

Without further ado the Italian drew from the envelope a sheet of thin notepaper, unscented, and unadorned by crest or monogram. It was stamped, however, with an address: "Pension Brissard, Boulevard Victor Hugo."

The letter ran as follows:

"MONSIEUR,—Whilst standing in the *queue* before the opera house the other night I overheard two ladies discussing a young tenor, the possessor, they said, of a magnificent voice, but unable to turn it to account owing to lack of training. The means necessary for this, I gathered from their conversation, were lacking, and so interested was I by what I heard that I ventured to address them and ask them of whom they were speaking. I told them, as is indeed the case, that I might be able to help the person in question, and they were good enough to give me your name and address. I now write to ask you whether you will call upon me here one evening about eight and let me hear you sing? If then I feel justified in so doing I will ask my master, Monsieur Carrière, if he cannot do something for you. It would be a great pleasure to me if I could be of service to you. I suggest your coming Friday evening next at eight o'clock, and shall be glad of a line from you letting me know if this will suit you. Receive, monsieur, the expression of my perfect consideration.—OLGA HANSSON."

The letter was written in excellent French, and was the work, not of Olga Hansson, but of Mrs. Beverley, the English journalist. But, of course, neither Ancona nor Roumsguérin was aware of this, nor did it matter.

Ancona's brows contracted in the usual way during the perusal of this epistle, and the inevitable smile made its appearance when he came to the signature. Something else came into his eyes along with the smile and stayed there—Mischief, and with a capital "M."

"Fortunate young man," he said, handing the letter back to its owner; "behold Olympus busy with your fate! But where the goddesses step in, such poor mortals as Ancona may well stand aside. Yet I have the prior claim." He considered for a moment, and then, rising:

"We will discuss this later. Now sing to me."

Roumsguérin had chosen his songs with care. For one, the flower song from *Carmen*; for another, "Salut, demeure chaste et pure," from *Faust*.

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When he had finished Ancona nodded and smiled, and held out his hand.

"The voice is there, my friend," he said, "and that's all I wanted to know. I will see to it that the rest be not wanting. Lunch with me, and we will talk things over. One thing, however, may be settled without delay. I will answer for your training; in return, I shall ask you to fall in with a little plan that has just hatched itself in this my feather brain." He passed his hand affectionately over his own dark hair.

Roumsguérin was prepared to fall in with forty little plans.

"Since your training is secure," the tenor observed, "you no longer need the services of the unknown."

"Indeed no, my benefactor. I will write and thank her, telling her of the good fortune that has befallen me, and——"

"Nay, that would be a pity. Women love the unconventional, especially when it skirts the woodland of romance, and Scandinavians, I have heard, are as romantic as they are chaste. The combination is attractive. Here, then, Monsieur, is my plan. Give *me* your letter; *I* will answer it, and *I* will go in your stead. It will not harm you, it will not harm the fair student, and it will amuse me—oh, quite enormously."

Roumsguérin could not forbear a smile. He knew Ancona had the name of being kind to sisters in art, as well as to brothers.

He handed over the letter, however, merely remarking: "It will not hurt me assuredly, and no doubt it will amuse you." Anything left unsaid he put into a shrug of the shoulders.

Ancona laughed, but he came to the conclusion in that moment that he didn't like his *protégé*. He had suspected it the day before; now he was certain of it.

"It's fortunate we're not quite as black as we're painted," he observed, "otherwise there would be nothing left to some of us but to don a feather girdle and a headdress to match." He added, after a pause, "I think, on the whole, you'd better write the answer, and I'll restrict myself to keeping the appointment. My French is not equal to Mlle. Hansson's."

"But do you think Mademoiselle will take you for a Frenchman?" inquired Roumsguérin, who was beginning to wish he had kept his news to himself. After all, it was his letter, and it ought to have been his fun.

Ancona waved the objection away.

"Bah! My father was a Provençal," he said airily, "who went over the border for his bride. I was brought up in Italy by a maternal aunt . . . . the case is common enough to be true."

Roumsguérin said no more. He did as he was desired, and hoped the girl was hideous.

And thus it happened that Mlle. Hansson received a neatly penned and worded reply to her letter, expressing deepest gratitude for her great kindness, and stating that Monsieur Roumsguérin would do himself the honour of calling upon her without fail at eight o'clock on the following Friday evening.

Olga and her English friend discussed the situation over their coffee in the student's tiny room on the top floor of the *pension*.

"I hope he isn't a large person," Olga remarked; "for what with the bed, and the piano, and the table, and the screen round the washhand-stand, and our two selves, I fail to see where we shall put him—let alone his voice."

"Oh, I expect he's thin; even tenors may be thin, to begin with," said Mrs. Beverley, consolingly. "I'm so glad I'm not leaving till Saturday. I wouldn't have missed so interesting an incident for the world."

Olga laughed. She was a tall, slim creature, with an open and attractive face, a fair complexion, and pretty ash-blond hair. Fresh and pleasant to look upon she undoubtedly was, though none could have called her beautiful; and her figure, knowing nothing of the discipline of corsets, was so boyish in its contours that it made her appear even younger than her twenty summers.

Obviously, sopranos, as well as tenors, may be thin to begin with.

Her companion was a good fifteen years older, not beautiful and not plain—"interesting" was the word usually applied to her looks. Perhaps because her eyes suggested that they had witnessed many interesting things.

She had only been in the *pension* a few weeks, but the Swedish girl had attracted her from the first; and the attraction, it seemed, was mutual. They were both busy people; but such spare time as they had they contrived to spend together.

At ten minutes to eight on the Friday evening Olga and Mrs. Beverley left the dining-room and proceeded upstairs. Olga retired behind the screen.

"I'll get the tray ready, so that we can have coffee as soon as he's gone, or offer him some before he goes, if he's the right kind of person. We must also forego our cigarettes until after the trial," she added, filling the kettle and placing it ready on the spirit-lamp. "Now, famous-star-to-be, you may come as soon as you please!"

As she finished speaking there was a knock at the door.

"*Entrez!*" cried Olga, and she rose from her seat on the bed.

Enter a young man of Bohemian aspect, wearing a black coat *à reflets verts*, a flowing green tie, and loose light pants, beneath his arm a wide-brimmed hat of softest felt; enter, in a word, the false Roumsguérin, in garments closely copied from the original model.

"*Bon soir, Mademoiselle—bon soir, Madame*," catching sight of the elder lady, who could not help wondering, the while she returned his salutation, whether he had been prepared for the presence of a chaperon. She also wondered at his Italian accent; but for that, as we know, he *had* been prepared.

"I come full of embarrassment and wonder," he proceeded, addressing himself to Olga, "in answer to your most gracious invitation. Almost I had given up hope of ever achieving anything when your letter reached me. Then—it was as though a heaven of hope had opened above me. Pardon me that I express myself so ill; but, in spite of my name, I speak an unfamiliar tongue. My father was French—yes; but my mother was an Italian; and I—I take after my mother."

Olga smiled.

"You need not be embarrassed, Monsieur," she said. "We are all foreigners together. Madame is English; I am a Swede; and my French"—she laughed—"is quite as bad as yours."

The young man laughed also—not as in duty bound, but as your attractive schoolboy laughs when his favourite cousin makes a joke.

"It must be bad, indeed," he laughed; "but, owing to my foreign ear, no doubt, to me it sounds charming."

This was all very nice; but Olga felt they ought to get to business.

"Shall we sing first and talk afterwards?" she suggested, "or talk first and——"

"Oh, sing first," he broke in, eagerly. "Let me know my fate; and then—well, then—whether it be bad or good—I should love to talk."

This, also, was very nice; but scarcely betrayed the burning anxiety of the artist seeking foothold—not, at least, according to Mrs. Beverley, who had discreetly effaced herself in a shadowy corner of the room. Monsieur Roumsguérin had, however, already forgotten her—and it is a mistake to forget a woman who has not forgotten you.

Olga sat down at the piano.

"Perhaps you would rather sing in Italian?"

He thanked her, but said, no. "I sing a little better than I speak, you know," he added, reassuringly.

Roumsguérin had chosen his songs with care. For one, the flower song from *Carmen*; for the other, "Salut, demeure chaste et pure," from *Faust*. But he sang the latter first; and, as we shall see, did not sing the former at all.

He had been at some pains to practise both these songs as rendered by the real Roumsguérin—faulty production, evil phrasing, and all. And his present performance, if not equal to the original, had distinct merit as an imitation. But certain things are not easily veiled; and if the singer had turned to look at the Englishwoman in the corner, instead of watching the kindling enthusiasm of Olga's eye, he might have realised this.

(*Continued on page 238*)

Miss Flushing Fortified

BY AN IRRESISTIBLE SMILE

A DUTCH QUAYSIDE STUDY OF TOPICAL INTEREST: BY HORACE W. NICHOLLS

(Continued from page 236)

Olga was frankly jubilant. To her, the voice—even under these unfavourable conditions—seemed well-nigh perfect.

But he was speaking:

"You think—you think—you will be justified——?" he began, tremulously.

"Think?—no!", she cried, her whole face radiating delight, "I am sure—oh, but sure!—and I will answer for Carrière as for myself. He is the truest of artists, and will feel himself my debtor when I present you to him. I have a lesson to-morrow, at half-past ten; I will speak to him then, and write you during the day. Oh, Marian," she turned to her silent friend, "isn't it exciting?"

"I wish," said the Englishwoman, with a calmness that Roumsguérin considered out of place, "I wish Monsieur would sing us something in Italian. You have the score of *Pagliacci* there, haven't you? Perhaps Monsieur would do us the favour to sing 'Vesti la Giubba.'"

Monsieur sought to excuse himself. He hardly knew it—had never practised it—feared to destroy the favourable opinion they had been good enough—and so forth and so on.

But Olga was insistent. The impression Monsieur had made on her could not be destroyed—only strengthened—she stated—whatever that might mean. Then Olga put in a word.

"Monsieur, you can refuse us nothing!" she exclaimed, in pretty command, and opened the score.

"I can refuse *Mademoiselle* nothing," he murmured, for her ear alone; and he began the recitative.

He delivered it as ineffectively as he could, and the opening bars of the air were also rendered uncertainly; but when he began to work up to the climax, the artist was stronger than the impersonator. He forgot Roumsguérin, forgot the size of the room, and let himself go; and when he burst forth in that supreme cry, wrung from a strolling player's agony—"*Ridi, Pagliaccio . . .!*" his audience had ceased to exist for him. He *was* Pagliaccio . . . .

Followed a silence. Olga's eyes were full of tears, and within her was a trembling consciousness of some strange presence, something new and unknown, something that, by its ineffable sweetness, gave her pain. The Englishwoman's deep gaze had passed the narrow limits of the room, and wandered into other worlds and times. Nevertheless, she was the first to find her voice, and what she said was this:—

"I think you were created for the rôle of Pagliaccio, or it for you. It is not alone the voice, or the singing; but you have the smile that suits it, and the—er—eyebrows."

"*Accidente!*", said the tenor, to himself. "Beware of chaperons!"

After that, Olga made coffee, and the two singing birds each smoked a discreet cigarette, and the journalist several.

Roumsguérin did not ask his prospective benefactress to sing, though he thought about it.

"Another time," he said to himself, "when Giovanna is happily absent." He had his suspicions of Giovanna, and rather feared they might be mutual.

However, he had a genius for enjoying himself, and was as simple as he was said to be wicked; and Olga, being as simple as she was innocent, they got on famously together, and played the fool like a couple of children.

At ten, with many apologies for staying so long, he tore himself away.

"I apologise, because I am polite," he added; "but the fault is yours."

He was thinking—"I must manage to see her before she goes to her lesson to-morrow. Half-past ten, she said. I must be here betimes, confess, receive absolution, and then . . . . Suppose she refuses it? . . . Suppose the impossible! Ancona was made to be forgiven!"

When the door was finally shut behind him, Olga sat down on the bed again.

"You were wrong, *mon amie*," she said; "for he *can* sing, and he isn't—*exceptionally* nasty."

* * * * * *

Ancona, immaculately attired, violets in his buttonhole, was still sitting over his morning coffee when the waiter announced that a lady wished to see him. "Madame gave no name," the man added, "but said that her business was pressing."

"Very good," said Ancona, wondering a little; "show her in."

He certainly hadn't expected to see Giovanna. Indeed, for a moment he scarcely recognised her; for he had paid small heed to her appearance the night before, when he so unsuitably named her after the accommodating governess. She helped his hesitating memory.

"I am Mrs. Beverley," she said. "I think we met last night."

If Ancona had been an Englishman, he would probably have thought—if not said—"The devil we did!" Being an Italian, and being Ancona, he drew his brows piteously together and flung out his arms.

"Behold me at your mercy! Make it as tender as you can."

"I suspected you last night," the Englishwoman went on, quite unmoved by this touching apostrophe. "I did not know you by sight, nor had I heard you sing before; but I know one or two people who have had those pleasures and who have spoken of them to me. Neither your voice, Monsieur, nor your description, would fit many. For the rest, you know as well as I do what people say of you. I am not blaming you—it is not my business, and I make every allowance for the artistic temperament and for Southern blood. All I ask is—leave my friend alone. She is a child, and her heart is free. You know the danger of a free heart. A situation tinged with romance, a magnetic personality, a practised hand sweeping the chords of life—what chance has it against such things as these? I do not know the ins-and-outs of this affair—they do not matter; nor do I credit you with any more evil intention in your impersonation than the desire for amusement. I only say—seek it elsewhere, and leave my friend alone.

"I am returning to London to-day. I am on my way to the station now—and shall probably lose my train by lingering here. But, in any case, I shall not be here to watch over her. The field will be clear for you. But I do not think you will take advantage of it. It is my theory—right or wrong—that people mostly do what is expected of them. We expect you to be a great artist—you are; we look for evil behaviour from you—you oblige us. And here I expect you to refrain—you will.

"As I said before, I am returning to England to-day. My friend has promised to write to me and tell me the issue of this affair. Let her tell me that it has ended very tamely; that she has heard from Monsieur Roumsguérin that he does not need her kind help after all; that someone else—maybe a great Italian tenor—has used his influence on his behalf. Let her tell me something in this sense. She may—or may not—ultimately learn the truth. She may recognise you across the footlights—I do not know. But do not follow this matter up; neither continue this impersonation nor yet go to her and lay the real facts of the case before her. I ask no promise—but I count on you. Adieu."

She moved towards the door, paused there, and looked at him across the room. Suddenly he came towards her. Two halting English words came from his lips.

"Shake hands!" he said; and then, relapsing into French—"You have in your language a most expressive word—ugly of sound, but with a golden meaning. It belongs to you. I did not like you last night, Madame, I confess it; but I was wrong. Madame, you are a 'brick.' And I—I promise. Your friend shall tell you the news you wish to hear, and I—will never seek to see or speak with her again."

She gave him her hand.

"But you, Madame—*you* I may hope to see again. No promise binds me here; and some day, when I come to sing in your great city——"

Mrs. Beverley burst out laughing.

"I see you can't help it," she said. "A broomstick in a petticoat—it would be all the same! Count on me, in the future, as an advocate for the defence; as I count on you now——oh, I am not afraid! Farewell, Pagliaccio—*la commedia è finita!*"

MAUD ARNOLD.

A Handsome Recruit

TO THE RANKS OF AMBITIOUS THEATRICAL MANAGERS

Photograph *Lafayette*

MISS JANETTE STEER

Who made a welcome reappearance after a considerable absence from the stage on Monday last, at the Coronet Theatre, in *Just to Get Married*. Miss Steer has secured from Miss Gertrude Kingston the provincial rights in Miss Cicely Hamilton's clever play, and will take her company on an extensive tour of the provinces. A somewhat novel feature of the production is the fact that Miss Steer is taking a lady with her, Miss Fellowes-Robinson, as her business "manager"

Famous Hunts at Home

No. XXX.—Old Berkeley (West)

(Written and Illustrated by Leonard Willoughby)

Hounds at Exercise at the Kennels at Shardeloes

Mr. Jack Tyrwhitt Drake, Huntsman, and Mr. W. Tyrwhitt Drake, Joint Master of the Old Berkeley (West) Hunt

TRADITION has it that in the days of the Plantagenets a Lord Berkeley, of Berkeley Castle, in Gloucestershire, "kept thirty huntsmen in tawny coats," and a pack of hounds at the village of Charing, with which he hunted the country around. This village of Charing was where Charing Cross now stands. A subsequent Earl of Berkeley, however, in the last quarter of the eighteenth century, hunted a tremendous country, stretching from Gloucestershire to Kensington, 120 miles, and to enable him to hunt it kept kennels at Cranford in Middlesex, at Gerard's Cross in Bucks, at Nettlehead in Oxfordshire, and at Berkeley Castle. This pack was known as the Old Berkeley; but a few years before his death, in 1810, the Earl gave up his hounds and resigned a large portion of the country to the Old Berkeley Club, which continued to hunt the country by subscription till 1842, retaining the Old Berkeley livery, orange plush or tawny, for the hunt servants. In 1881 the country was divided into two, and reunited in 1885 by Mr. Harding Cox, only, however, to be once more divided in 1888 into the Old Berkeley (East) and Old Berkeley (West).

Since then the owners of Shardeloes the Tyrwhitt Drakes—have been in command of the Old Berkeley (West), with the exception of the years when Colonel Alfred Gilbey and Mr. Robert Leadbetter were fulfilling their respective duties of Master from 1895 to 1902, and from 1903 to 1909. That the hunt has in recent years had vicissitudes is, I think, known; and therefore it was a happy day for the hunt when Mr. W. Tyrwhitt Drake came forward to resuscitate matters. In this he was fortunately joined by Mr. E. R. F. Brunskill as Joint Master. Since then things have worked admirably, and the hunt has decidedly looked up.

The Old Berkeley (West) is now an entirely new pack, got together by Mr. Drake at the commencement of last year. It is made up of drafts which he purchased from the Brocklesby, the Grove, the Burton, Atherstone, Heythrop, and Old Berkshire. His selections were wisely made, his well-known knowledge of hounds standing him in good stead. In looking over the pack I find there are thirty couple of hounds, of which twenty couple are dogs. These latter, many of them,

Headquarters and Leading Lights of the Hunt

Shardeloes, Amersham: The Residence of Mr. W. Tyrwhitt Drake, Joint Master

The owner greatly cherishes cushions that were left at the house by Queen Elizabeth on the occasion of her stay there

Left to right: Mr. Jack Drake (Huntsman), Mrs. Tyrwhitt Drake, Mr. W. Tyrwhitt Drake (Joint Master), Miss Hether Drake, Mrs. Brunskill, Mr. E. R. F. Brunskill (Joint Master)

A Happy Party Ready for a Meet of the Old Berkeley (West)

have undeniably good necks and shoulders, and most of them have plenty of bone carried well down. Feet are fairly good, and this also applies to backs and loins. They are a pretty level lot, and symmetrical in colour, showing a considerable amount of Belvoir tan. The bitches are on the small side; but I am inclined to think they are the suitable size of hound for this hilly, flinty country. They are light of bone, have good necks, shoulders, and loins, are level, and in colour much resemble the dogs. The dog-hounds draw well, have plenty of drive and dash, and are full of music. They have good nose, which is absolutely essential in such a cold-scenting country, and they hunt well together, casting themselves remarkably, without the slightest assistance. The bitches hunt with the dogs, and are quite to be relied on. They, too, have a fine cry, and, like most bitches, are fast and get along well. That these hounds are keen for blood—as they certainly are—is due, no doubt, in a measure to their being strangers to one another, and consequently working a little jealously. At any rate, taking the pack as a whole, they have shown good sport for their first season in a country unfortunately not over-supplied with foxes.

Miss Tyrwhitt Drake, Daughter of the Joint Master

As keen as mustard and a topper to go. She is riding a half-bred Arab astride

The kennels are at Shardeloes and are converted farm-buildings, made into remarkably comfortable, warm quarters. They are healthy, and there is any amount of surrounding exercising ground. Hounds meet Wednesdays and Saturdays, when Mr. H. W. (Jack) Tyrwhitt Drake, the eldest son of the Squire of Shardeloes, and a well-known gentleman rider, carries the horn. A first-class rider, with a good knowledge of hunting hounds, patient and always with them, no matter what obstacles lie in his path, he is showing very excellent sport, considering all things. What the hunt requires is more foxes, though what there are are good wild ones, which take a lot of catching. Mr. Tyrwhitt Drake is always out in his capacity of Joint Master, and rides well and fearlessly. This may be said also of Mr. Brunskill, who takes a deep interest in the hounds and hunt, and spares no pains or trouble to make matters work smoothly between hunting and shooting interests and small holdings in a country where the two latter predominate. The hon. sec., Mr. Lionel Brown, is an ideal hunt-secretary, and is generally out, and shows his interest in the hunt by being always tactful with everybody. Among the supporters of the hunt are Mr. Arthur Lee, M.P., who lives at Chequers Court and preserves foxes, as do Colonel Gilbey, Lord Burnham, and Lady Dashwood, who set an example which might well be followed by some covert owners. It is a cheery hunt, of good-hearted, keen, hard-riding followers, who are out for sport, and show their love for it by their behaviour in the field—a matter which is sometimes open to severe criticism in some of the best-known hunts in England.

Two Couple and a Half of the Pick of the Pack

On the left is Mr. Jack Tyrwhitt Drake, who hunts the pack; on the right, Mr. E. R. F. Brunskill, Joint Master

Uniting South Africa

IN PRAISE OF HER PIQUANT CHARM

MISS ADA REEVE: DRAWN FROM LIFE BY BALLIOL SALMON

Miss Reeve, who is unquestionably one of our most accomplished comediennes, is now starring in South Africa. The critic of the "Bloemfontein Post" says: "Ada Reeve does not bother about vocal effects, or even about orchestral. The former would, at all events, restrain the easy flow of polished meaning; as to the latter the struggling musicians follow her by good luck combined with intelligence, and they afford a shading which will probably fall into line with practice." So that's all right!

CLUB LIFE IN SOUTH AFRICA

BY "THE BYSTANDER'S" SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

I SUPPOSE I have been a member of more clubs in South Africa during the past two months than any man in the country. That is one of the many favours bestowed on members of a visiting team from "Home." At Johannesburg I was put up for ten clubs a fortnight before I arrived. Fortunately, temporary members are not expected to contribute to the "Servants' Christmas Fund," or the honour might have been embarrassing. The Rand Club has a staircase that a duchess might envy, and a library that Mr. Carnegie would not disdain. Though all the English weeklies and dailies are three weeks old, their cases are so imposing and the file of periodicals so complete that you are more than content to leave the dust and glare of the streets and take a comfortable armchair in the reading-room. All the mining magnates and all the men who have made Jo'burg hum and hustle are members of "The Rand." Not quite so solid or so dignified, the New Club is another luxurious building. Every quarter there is a "ladies' night," when the smartest womenfolk on the Rand are dined at round tables, and then, when the latter are removed, waltzed round a perfect floor until morning. Devonshire House could not have provided more alluring gowns the evening I was there.

The Country Club is half a dozen miles out. Originally a Boer farm, with nothing above ground save coarse grass and a few willows, the property is now one of the most charming retreats in the Transvaal, fit place of rest and recreation for the jaded Jo'burger. The luncheon-room has a thatched roof and is open to the breezes of heaven, six thousand feet nearer mankind than the coast clubs. In the background are plantations of gum trees; in the foreground, lawns intersected by lakes, shaded by willows, skirted by beds of brilliant flowers, and studded with basket chairs and rustic seats. To this material paradise the "smart set" drive or motor out on a Sunday, or foregather during the week to play croquet or tennis, or meet there at night to dance. The male in search of more severe exercise may play squash rackets or carry his perspiring body round the golf links. One day last week, when a medal competition was progressing, £30 was put down on the first tee. Every one of the hundred competitors, that is to say, put down a new three-shilling ball for the morning and afternoon rounds. Gold flows through every crevice in Johannesburg. You pay threepence for a tram ride, a shilling for a small soda, threepence for your evening paper, ten shillings for your cab to the club if you live a mile out. Tempted by the sight of a melon in a grill-room where no other sweets except ices figure on the menu, I asked the beetle-browed waiter for a slice. Probably that melon in the aggregate cost less than a "tickey." For a small portion of it I was charged a shilling. No wonder bar attendants at the leading clubs in this city get £20 a month and their meals.

The Wanderers is the great sporting club of South Africa. Abe Bailey had much to do with its development. Rugby football and lawn tennis are its chief concerns; but cricket is well to the fore, while hockey and "Soccer" are making headway. Nothing is thought of a crowd of five thousand to watch a tennis match. The characteristics of the Jo'burg gallery are, first, their intense enthusiasm for good sport, and then, their partiality for "Home" teams—and by "Home" I mean, of course, the Mother Country. When the M.C.C. cricketers were playing, appeals for "leg before" by the home side (the Transvaalers, that is to say) were audibly resented—as if the "How's that?" were unsporting. But not a murmur went round the ground when the Englishmen appealed. Great cheering, too, if that appeal were successful. The truth is, I suppose, all Jo'burgers keep a warm place in their hearts for the "old country." To everyone else, save an Englishman, they will back their own men against the world at any game; but they would rather see their own men beaten by Dutchmen than witness the downfall of "Home" visitors. Nearly every club in South Africa is residential, and provides the acme of comfort. The Pretoria Club is a bachelor's elysium, and I would fain have spent a month beneath its cosy roof. Equally clean, solidly furnished, and civilly staffed is the Port Elizabeth Club; while the Durban Club is like the Athenæum.

Lord Gladstone went to his first African race meeting the other day, and is said to have backed a winner. Not enthusiastic about social functions, which in this hot climate are rather lethargic affairs, he discovered a new excitement. His niece, Miss Dorothy Drew, is a distinct ornament to their Excellencies' suite. She enters wholeheartedly into all the gaieties, and, like Miss Methuen (Lord Methuen's charming daughter), could have filled her programme at the polo ball three times over. Lord Methuen does not care much for dancing. He is much happier watching lawn tennis matches. The C.-in-C. is the most popular man in South Africa to-day. The Dutch farmers love his personality and respect his advice. They will flock round his horse when he goes inspecting, and listen approvingly to all he has to say. Lord Methuen does not despise the Dutch farmers, as many Englishmen out here do. He has fought them in the field, been a prisoner in their hands, got to know them and their needs. As much a Great Englander as any fervid orator at Westminster, he recognises the governing principle of the new Union—that when two nations have to settle down and live in harmony there must be no mutual mistrust, rather an effort on all sides to "smooth down" and placate. What an ideal Governor-General he would have made; and Lady Methuen—what a gracious figure at Government House!

A. W. M.

English Tennis Tourists in South Africa

THE SECOND "TEST" MATCH AT JOHANNESBURG

Spectators Watching the Play from the Grand Stand

A team of English lawn tennis players representing the Drive Club, Fulham, now touring in South Africa, sustained the first reverse of their tour in their second "Test" match at Johannesburg at the beginning of the New Year. South Africa, who had about their strongest possible team, won by the narrow margin of two sets, the number of matches scored by each side being equal

"Under Distinguished Patronage": The Governor and Lady Gladstone Photographed with the Players

FRONT ROW (*left to right*): H. A. Kitson (Captain, S.A.), A. Wallis Myers (Captain, E.), Lord Gladstone, Lady Gladstone, H. J. Lamb (President S.A.L.T. Union), C. P. Dixon (E.)

BACK ROW (*left to right*): A. E. Beamish (E.), V. R. Gauntlett (S.A.), F. G. Lowe (E.), P. W. Bridges (Hon. Sec.), R. B. Powell (E.), F. E. Cochrane (S.A.), R. F. Le Sueur (S.A.). There were four players in each team, A. Wallis Myers standing down from the English side

The Literary Log

Rolled by Robert Ross

The First European Novel

Everyone who has enjoyed a classical education at one of our great public schools or universities has heard of Petronius. A great many more than would readily admit have read that talented author—read him, too, in Bohn's translation. At least, I know many married men and many scholarly schoolmasters who possess on their top shelves the little stamped blue octavo which contains a version of the *Satyricon* and the very tedious *Kisses* of Johannes Secundus. When you are discovered as a constant reader of the entrancing romance—the first European novel that has come down to us from antiquity—you must always say that you read it on account of the Feast of Trimalchio. By an odd coincidence your friend will be found to have a similar curiosity on the *cuisine* and table appointments of the ancient Romans. The description of the banquet is a mine of information on such subjects; it recalls the "freak" dinners of modern American millionaires. Indeed, the modernity of Petronius has appealed to all readers since the sixteenth century, when the Council of Trent firmly refused to place it on the Index of prohibited books "because of the author's Latinity." A bibliography of various translations and editions would make an interesting book of itself. In 1694 Mr. William Burnaby, a commoner of Merton College, Oxford, issued a translation, and this has now been re-issued with the original Latin text at five guineas, embellished with a number of beautiful drawings by a young Australian artist of great promise, whose technique has much in common with the Spaniard, Daniel Vierge, the illustrator of "Don Quixote."

The Latest Edition

The print and format of this magnificent quarto constitute a real masterpiece of book production. And though Petronius cannot be said to have written with any "thought for the little ones," no one need blush at possessing or exposing on their library shelves the new edition of a favourite author, whose freedom of speech time has condoned. The new illustrations are exuberant, but not in the least improper, and great pains have been taken to follow the costume and architecture of the Neronian Age. I venture to disagree with the learned writer of the introduction "that those writers who have known Petronius at all have known him in the original (as far as is apparent by their writings)." Many a Dicky-Dong poet of the last century never got further than dear old Bohn. Pope has commended Petronius:

"Fancy and art in gay Petronius please,
The scholars learning with the courtier's ease."

And I have never seen it noticed, even by my friend Mr. Clement Shorter, that Samuel Warren bodily lifted the *Epithalamium* of Giton for his last chapter in *Ten Thousand a Year*. In modern criticism the most illuminating study of the Father of Novelists is from the pen of Mr. Charles Whibley in his *Studies in Frankness*, to which I referred some weeks ago. But Mr. Whibley leaves us in considerable doubt as to whether the author of the *Satyricon* can be safely identified with the *Arbiter Elegantiarum*, whose heroic death is related by Tacitus.

Historical Monsters

I have before now mentioned my distaste, with one or two exceptions, for historical novels. But I am bound to say, after reading "*The Amours of Henri de Navarre and Marguerite de Valois*," by Lieut.-Col. Andrew Haggard, D.S.O. (Stanley Paul: 16*s*.), I have come to the conclusion that a great deal of history is better told through the medium of fiction. I do not mean to cast reflections on Col. Haggard's learned and amusing compilation, the contents of which are so improbable that several novels could be derived from his veracious narrative. Only, the iterated relation of sordid and unlovely intrigues produces on me a sense of ennui unless they have affected the course of history; or some pleasing human note is sounded by their narration. Too much attention is given by history gleaners to the greasy side of monsters who make history. Clio is the poorest artist of all the Muses. I see now that art is required to revitalise the "ladies' dead and lovely knights," of whom Shakespeare and Villon sang. Helen of Troy and Becky Sharpe matter a great deal more than Marie Touchet, "La Charmante Gabrielle," and all the rest of them. Mary Stuart is immortal because she has passed into fiction, and inspired nearly the last fine poem Swinburne ever wrote. Who would care about Lady Hamilton except for Romney? However, I must thank Col. Haggard for exposing the meanest and most over-rated king who ever sat on the throne of France—Henry IV. Our own dear Henry VIII. is almost a saint beside him. I find the wives of the latter more entertaining than the mistresses of the former. La Reine Margot was, however, amusing, and admirers of Dumas will be grateful to Col. Haggard, as indeed all of us are, for his delightful book. I wish he would rescue Ravaillac, who very properly assassinated Henry IV.

"The Eyes of Youth"

There is something very charming about an anthology of new poets, something analogous to a bunch of wild flowers gathered on the Alps in

spring. I suppose most of my readers are too young to remember *Love in Idleness*, a famous little book produced by youthful poets who, if they did not climb very far up Parnassus, became distinguished men in after life? Sir Rennell Rodd is now our Ambassador at Rome; Mr. Mackail became Professor of Poetry at Oxford; Mr. Bowyer Nichols is a well-known art critic. A later volume was the *Primavera*, which introduced Mr. Laurence Binyon and Mr. Stephen Phillips to the public. I mention these precedents in order to tempt readers to inspect *The Eyes of Youth* (Herbert and Daniel: 3*s.* 6*d.*), a volume of poems selected and collected on similar lines. In order to emphasise that these songsters claim an honourable descent, in the intellectual sense, we have four beautiful pieces by Francis Thompson, now taking his lawful place among the great poets of the last century. And I need not say that Mr. G. K. Chesterton, the perpetual dragoman, has written the introduction. Francis, Viola, and Olivia Meynell are fortunate inheritors of a fulfilled renown, and the children of that delightful poet and rare critic, Alice Meynell, if I may adopt a poetical license and drop the prefix. (I cannot bear speaking of *Miss* Rossetti.) Judith Lytton, too, we must remember is a great-grand-daughter of Lord Byron. It would be almost invidious to say which of these nightingales shows the more promise or achievement. In several numbers they show both to a remarkable degree. Another of these poets whose work appeals to me particularly is Mr. Hugh Austin. He sings, or rather chants, I venture to think, with greater ease than the others. He is less self-conscious about his voice production. The "Astronomer's Prayer" will surely find a place in future anthologies—dare I say it? with those of Francis Thompson. Mr. Hugh Austin has a lyric gift of really great power. Mr. Padraic Colum's name suggests a famous story about a Mr. Sanctuary to whom Pater awarded a prize because "I liked his name." I like Mr. Colum's poetry; indeed nearly all the poetry in *The Eyes of Youth*.

"Echoes of Whistler"

Ought writers to give deceptive titles to their books? I remember getting Miss Rhoda Broughton's *Cometh Up as a Flower* into the school library of which I was librarian on the ground that it was a book on botany. Mr. Louis C. Alexander is really a gay deceiver with his charming volume of essays called *Echoes of Whistler* (John Long: 5*s.*); the book is dedicated to the deceased Master. But the author must not mind if I say frankly that he has nothing in common with the object of his admiration. One of his great merits is an avoidance of epigrams, and it would be idle to compliment him on certain qualities which Whistler as writer and controversalist shared with no one else. The butterflies of wit and beauty must be secured by pins, not tent-pegs. There is, moreover, through all these essays a humanism and a humour undreamt of in the philosophy of the witty American artist. Mr. Alexander is indignant with critics. I don't know why, because he reprints very good Press notices. "The critic is but a hired jackal, and thrives on carrion. Don't bother your head about him." I am, of course, a hired jackal, but I thrive on charming books such as Mr. Alexander's. I agree with the second observation. In spite of the misleading title, this is a volume of essays to buy and read. I hope Mr. Alexander's next work will not display so much temper. He is too good a writer to be angry. He must know it is better to be attacked than ignored, and to be misunderstood, if the misunderstanding is on paper and long enough. ROBERT ROSS.

"And the shins of the mother shall be visited upon the children"

"Ach! Wonderful people, dose English! I should never have thought of going down like dot!"

HUMOUR FROM THE HEIGHTS: BY STARR JOHNS

GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

THE JEKYLL AND HYDE SCHENECTADY

The "Schenectady" Question

The "Schenectady" bids fair to rival the famous tea that went with such a mighty splash into Boston harbour. Happily, the consequences in this case are not going to be so grave; and if only George III. and his Ministers had adopted the attitude of the chairman of the Rules Committee, and had explained that the colonists were free to read the edicts as to the taxes in the sense desired by them, America and England would still be one and undivided. However, that solution of the difficulty, unhappily, did not occur either to the King or his Ministers. It has been left for Captain Burn to avert a similar disastrous severance between our golfing authorities and those of the United States. Recently published correspondence has revealed the astounding fact that the famous rule barring the Schenectady putter was really meant in a Pickwickian sense, so far as the Americans are concerned. It will be remembered that the Schenectady putter was expressly included in the famous barring clause; for a motion in favour of excepting it from the provisions of that clause was heavily defeated at the meeting of the Royal and Ancient which dealt with the vexed question of illegal clubs. There was and could be no doubt, therefore, that no one professing allegiance to St. Andrews could use the Schenectady putter. But though such a feeble effort had been made at St. Andrews to save the Schenectady from the slaughter of the innocents, it was considered extremely doubtful whether the American golfer would take the barring of one of his favourite clubs "lying down." It has been an open secret for some time that there has been a good deal of straining at the St. Andrews leash in America, and that it has required all the efforts of such men as Mr. C. B. Macdonald and Mr. Herbert Windeler to keep the Americans in line with our authorities. The Americans have always reserved their right to interpret our rules in their own manner. It was thought that by giving Mr. Macdonald a seat on the Rules Committee further difficulties and differences would be avoided.

Its Solution.

But apparently in this matter the United States' Golf Association had not been approached by our authorities prior to the framing and passing of the barring clause. Therefore the recent meeting of the American association at Chicago was awaited with some interest and considerable doubt. In view of the grave danger of the Americans refusing to submit to the authority of St. Andrews, Captain Burn suggested that the Americans, while submitting to the general effect of the clause, should interpret it to their own satisfaction. This luminous suggestion has been duly adopted by the U.S. Association, who decided that they would support the Royal and Ancient rule to the effect that no departure from the traditional and accepted form and make of golf clubs could be sanctioned, but left the interpretation of this rule to their executive committee, with the instruction that they should interpret it in such a way as not to bar the Schenectady putter.

Photograph *Sport and General*

Barred by John Bull, but not by Uncle Sam

A golfer putting with the Schenectady putter, the "questionable shape" of which is well shown in our illustration

The Humour Of It

Thus the Schenectady becomes a sort of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde among putters. In this truly Gilbertian manner was the situation saved—a situation which, in its richly humorous aspects, will strongly appeal to the topsy-turvy sense of humour of the author of "The Bab Ballads." There has been nothing quite like it since the Queen in "Alice in Wonderland" uttered her famous command: "'Let the jury consider their verdict,' the King said, for about the twentieth time that day. 'No, no,' said the Queen. 'Sentence first; verdict afterwards!'" Just so the Schenectady has been sentenced to death here first, but a verdict of "Not guilty" has been subsequently pronounced in America. Comment on this amazing solution of a dilemma is almost superfluous—it speaks so eloquently for itself. Perhaps an innocent query may be hazarded as to whether it would not have been better for both parties if the unhappy cause of the trouble had been left severely alone from the outset. An added touch of humour is given to the proceedings of the U.S. Golf Association by the statement that that body had no desire to break away from the authority of St. Andrews, and by the instruction it has given to its committee to submit a set of bogey rules founded on medal-play rules, which the American association has drawn up, to the Rules of Golf Committee at St. Andrews for criticism. This out-Gilberts Gilbert, and must reduce poor Lewis Carroll's shade to tears of envy!

ERNEST LEHMANN.

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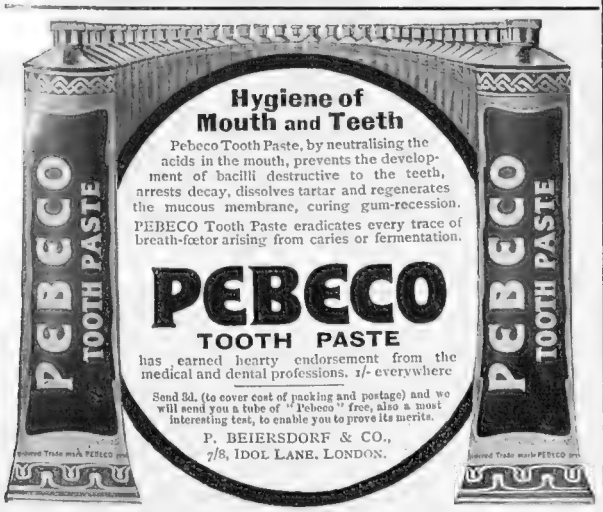

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Sex & the Short Story: Further Opinions of Readers

OUT OF THE ORDINARY

I was very much surprised to read "Saunterer's" views. Personally, I have always looked forward to THE BYSTANDER'S short story as something quite out of the ordinary. Whether dealing with legitimate love affairs or illicit ones, they always seem to give a most delicate handling, which is decidedly creditable to the different authors. I, for one, frankly admit that I'm disappointed when it is *not* a love story. Who on earth expects to read about war, science, art, politics, diplomacy, or the stage in a short worldly story. Why, we can read about those subjects in any or all of the daily papers, and also in other portions of THE BYSTANDER. The whole gamut of human emotion, whether hatred, jealousy, ambition, or intrigue, pales into insignificance before the greatest of all emotions, *i.e.*, Love (with a capital L, please); even when love knocks at the door with an illicit knock.—MARY HALLAM SMALE, 35, William Street, Nelson, Lancashire.

A CRITIC'S SUGGESTION

I cannot criticise your short stories from a literary or moral point of view for the very good reason that I never read them, although I receive your excellent paper weekly. What I do criticise is the question whether a short story is of any value in a weekly illustrated paper. I presume your main object is to increase your circulation, and in these days of strenuous competition it is necessary that every page should be bright, interesting, and up to date. I do not believe that 5 per cent. of your subscribers read the short story, and from a masculine point of view I doubt if one man in a hundred does so. I think a page or two devoted to competitions, intellectual or otherwise, with small prizes given monthly, would be of more interest to the general body of your readers. Your illustrations are always excellent, and your notes on the various subjects dealt with are interesting and amusing, but a short story is not wanted in a paper like THE BYSTANDER. Your name itself proves my case. The Bystander should be an intelligent "man in the street," who stands by to note and record the weekly affairs of men and mice. That is what we look for from you, and that is what we mainly get, but we do not require any literary padding in the shape of a short story. That is my opinion, anyway, for what it is worth, which I hope may be three guineas on this occasion!—R. E. PALMER, Abbeylands, Ardfert, Co. Kerry.

LITERATURE'S PROVINCE

I often think it a pity that so much space is wasted on what is sometimes not food for the most unintellectual minds. If sex problems are to be dealt with in short stories, they should be put before the public in a clear and understanding way, and not in distorted fashion by the morbid imaginings of unhealthy minds!

All things in life are possible, and nothing concerning it is beyond discussion, but I think you will agree that sordid episodes, if dealt with by other than master hands, become nauseating, demoralising, unwholesome, and objectionable, and these in the form of short stories may in time exercise a deteriorating effect on the public taste. Literature in all forms should serve to elevate the mind and help to open new channels of thought hitherto unexplored. I should like to add that I think THE BYSTANDER quite the best paper of its kind—amusing, bright, and sarcastic.—ESTEELL KAUFMANN, 89, Canfield Gardens, South Hampstead.

A CONTENTED CONSTANT READER

As a constant reader of THE BYSTANDER I fail to see that "Saunterer" has much to complain of respecting the short stories. Among my many friends and acquaintances the story is invariably looked for each week with interest. The paper being thoroughly up to date in all matters one naturally expects to find stories containing that quality. My opinion is that they are just exciting enough to be interesting, and I consider them delightfully varied.—A. C., 59, Whitley Road, Eastbourne.

PENELOPE ASKS QUESTIONS

Having read THE BYSTANDER short stories each week for some time, in the main I agree with "Saunterer" in his criticism, though I cannot feel that the fault lies with the Editor of THE BYSTANDER or the authors of the short stories, but with the public itself. The demand for stories dealing with sex problems is the chief demand of the present day, and one has only to look at the shelves of any circulating library to see how the demand is being met. And, curiously enough, it is the story that deals delicately or only partially with such theories that perhaps does the most harm, for the evil is so insidious that the reader scarcely notices the poison which he imbibes into his system, while the story that openly scoffs at morality and glories in "free love" repels the average reader, and the book and author are shunned.

I am not for one moment implying that THE BYSTANDER stories can be included in the latter category, but occasionally they may be found in the former. THE BYSTANDER short story is, as a rule, a clever piece of writing—and how difficult it is to write a clever short story none but the writer of the short story knows—but surely a little of the cleverness is directed along the lines to which I have referred.

I am not suggesting a remedy, for I have none to offer; to take for environment the fields of art, science, politics, as "Saunterer" suggests, would increase the difficulties of the authors tenfold, and would give satisfaction to very few. The public likes sex problems; art may appeal to a few, science to still fewer, war to a very small proportion of readers, but sex, in its varied forms, appeals to everyone more or less, and Cerebus will not become nauseated with his sop so long as it is served up under such different guises, and by *chefs* so renowned for their gastronomic skill. That the public taste is not altogether a healthy one I admit; a cleverly concocted liqueur is preferred to a glass of milk and soda water, but is it quite wise to cultivate a taste for liqueur to the extent of being able no longer to relish the simpler diet?

THE BYSTANDER can well supply the liqueur, and its concoction, as a rule, leaves little to be desired! But again I say, is it wise?—"PENELOPE."

CUPID AND THE ARTS

In the World of Letters the short story is possibly the most difficult to execute from a strict artistic standpoint. This explains the rarity of the production which approaches to some fair degree of perfection. On this ground also—the especial difficulty of the task—it is absolutely essential that the genius of the artist should not be trammelled by restriction to a certain theme, however capable the theme may be of modification and variability. As a matter of actual fact, it would seem that the inclusion of love in a short prose composition does not make for the production of a "triumph of art." The generality of short stories are love-ridden, and are a puny breed, contemptible indeed by the æsthete and artist. Even in the rare and welcome stranger, such as a creation of a Beyle, or a Mérimné, or a Wilde—a good brief composition aflame with the passion of love—there is always an indefinable something—some thinness, some commonplace — which restrains our unqualified admiration. On the other hand, the best short stories, or the least assailable by the art critic, are free from all taint of love. De Maupassant, Edgar Allan Poe, W. W. Jacobs, and H. G. Wells stand as exponents of this type. Who would prefer, either for artistic treatment or for absorbing interest, a short love story to, say, "The Star," the *chef d'œuvre* of H. G. Wells?

Regarded from the popular standpoint, *i.e.*, appreciating the needs of an essentially uneducated, uncultured mind, upon which the firm line and æsthetic wealth of an art product would be wasted, lost, it would seem that the hero of every short story must, of necessity, have been wounded by Cupid's arrow.—F. R. WORTZ, College of the Resurrection, Mirfield.

THE BROAD PINK LINE

Let us remember that between the legitimate association of the sexes and illicit connection a broad pink line must be drawn. The illicit is always with us, not invariably clearly outlined. It deserves a proportionate attention, and let that attention be not more than proportionate. See that it is attended by taste, or, at least, relieved by humour, satire, or environment. This may not kill the microbes, but may act as a counter-irritant. The light, dainty touch of Edmond About in "Madelon" is inoffensive; the heavy hand and dirty fist of Zola revolts—whatever may have been his good didactic intentions. The blundering obtuseness of Adam Bede bores—the humour and rollicking fun of Rabellais amuses. The matter and manner of the five sous French illustrated journal are unnecessary. It is not altogether a matter of the subject, or what is said about it. It is largely how it is said, and by whom and how read, for the reader reads many things into a story. It should not be slyly suggestive, which is slimy and unhealthy, nor coarsely expressed, which is brutal. If too obtrusive in expression, or too universal in tone, it may stink in the nostrils, like the Heptameron of the Queen of Navarre, or tend to become monotonous, as in the Decameron of Boccaccio. As it cannot be entirely ignored, let us keep it in its place, and that a small one, modestly if we can, tastefully by all means, behind, well behind, the broad pink line.—J. G. WINTER, 10, Cambridge Road, Battersea Park, S.W.

SINBAD AGREES WITH "SAUNTERER"

I must own to feeling surprise, on reading your list of short stories and their subjects, at not finding more of them marked with an asterisk. My impressions on the subject were very much the same as those of "Saunterer." I cannot say that I often read the short story in THE BYSTANDER, but when I do I read it expecting rather "hot stuff," and cannot remember ever experiencing disappointment. No doubt, like "Saunterer," this is just my luck, "good or bad, as the case may be."

Most novels and stories seem to be written for "the young person" or quite frankly for the man (or woman) of the world, and I, for one, never expected that THE BYSTANDER would cater for the young person; indeed, I should have been much amazed if it had. The art of innuendo is, perhaps, the most striking characteristic of those tales which my luck has led me to read, and he who runs may read between the lines, so that the interpretation really rests with the reader in nine cases out of ten. Possibly the popularity of your sparkling paper would suffer considerably were the story to rely for its interest upon adventure, financial slipperiness, or deeds of chivalry and valour. The popular sin may be done to death, but apparently the demand for literature on the subject never diminishes; in fact, the appetite seems to grow with feeding. After all, there is nothing of such absorbing interest to humanity as humanity, and what is more human than questions of sex and love intrigues. The more piquant the sauce the more readily are the unsavoury details swallowed, and it requires much skill to dish up the time-worn theme of the unfaithful wife or the profligate husband in such a way that readers may not feel that the subject is threadbare and the details not worth discussing.

No one can picture an habitual reader of THE BYSTANDER reading with appreciation a sickly pretty-pretty tale of suburban respectability. The average reader looks for something saucy that will tickle his jaded palate and not offend his refined tastes. He feels that so long as ugly facts are cloaked in refined language no one can point the finger of reproof and accuse him of rooting among garbage.—"SINBAD."

WISDOM FROM WANDSWORTH

It is interesting to note that almost all the great novelists you quote in your last issue agree that "sex-interest" is only necessary to writers who are not powerful enough to make their tales exciting without it.

On the other hand, in most of the letters from readers who are in favour of "sex-interest" one observes a note almost of defiance against the standards that have hitherto obtained. The letters remind one of rather young people who have been somewhat too strictly brought up, and who have recently got the bit between their teeth and are revelling in their newly found "freedom."

As for the question at issue, there is an old proverb which says that familiarity breeds contempt, and another which tells us that it is impossible to touch pitch without getting soiled. It was doubtless on this account that St. Paul, whom even the world has acclaimed as a great philosopher, wrote "fornication and all uncleanness, let it not be so much as named among you."

I submit, Sir, that the habitual reading of stories in which the chief characters indulge in crimes against purity cannot but have a baneful influence on the character. Our actions are, to a great extent, influenced by the environment in which we live, and if we deliberately choose the society of loose-living people, whether they be actually alive or merely characters in fiction, we can hardly expect to remain as pure as if we associate with those who strive after a higher ideal.

I would fain see THE BYSTANDER offer its readers characters they could strive to imitate rather than those they ought to strive to forget.—AMBROSE WILLIS, 8, Norfolk Mansions, Santos Road, West Hill, Wandsworth, S.W.

A FAULTLESS IDEAL

The quite short story, ranging from two to three thousand words, should literally scintillate with gems of thought, rarified and condensed, from start to finish. Directly the writer drops into soliloquy or verbiage, even when the English is classical and the style faultless, the interest of the reader flags, and the verdict is thereby unfavourable. In the case of the series, which has hitherto characterised your own pages, it is no flattery to assure you that from my own point of view those which have been read carefully and at leisure have almost invariably "gripped" me from the outset. My own test is that if (alas! it is a very rare event) I can take up a short tale from my own pen and read it with interest, after a lapse of weeks or months, the thing is usually worth sending up to an editor. I have just laid down THE BYSTANDER for the current week, having made a special study of the "storiette," which one may justly assume was not specially selected for present issue on account of the discussion which you have initiated. This story has no erotic tone, no sensational episode, no excess of sentiment, but a very real and human interest. It might, perhaps, be entitled "Misunderstood," and yet has nothing in common with the well-known and longer tale which made Miss Montgomery's name and fame, which is a clear proof, to my mind, that no theme is hackenyed if treated with genius and originality. The best of editors will never, to my thinking, reject a contribution because the theme is hackneyed, if only the author has acquired the art, or is inspired by genius or talent, to invest his creation with the charm of novel treatment. —FREDERICK C. ORMSLEY JOHNSON.

NOTE.—Although the winner of the competition was announced last week, so many more letters have been received that a further instalment of readers' views is here given

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stands for all that is best in English journalism—the accuracy and completeness of its news—the honesty and scope of its illustrations—the fairness and candour of its criticisms and opinions.

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"Baroness Meltzing requests Messrs. Edwards to despatch six bottles of Roche's Herbal Embrocation, used for children having Hooping-Cough, to her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cumberland.—Penzing, Vienna, 24th March, 1889."
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"Messrs. Edwards, London, 157, Queen Victoria Street.—Please send immediately two bottles Roche's Embrocation for Hooping-Cough to Count Montenoch, at the Duke Phillip of Wuerttemberg, Abbazia, Austro-Hungary.
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FOOTBALL

The Spectacular Craze

The cult of Association football has an extraordinary effect upon the minds of its devotees. They are so accustomed to look upon Soccer as a form of public entertainment that they forget that the primary object of a game — among amateurs, at any rate—is the amusement of those who play it. In a recent issue of *London Opinion* Mr. W. G. Davis, a well-known Association referee, offers some suggestions for the improvement of the Rugby game which so well illustrate this distorted view of the object of a game that I think they are worth reproducing in full:

Captains Contrasted

A. J. Bacon (Middlesex) on the left, and J. A. Lovell (Surrey), the rival captains in the County Hockey match at Chiswick last week, which Surrey won by 2 goals to 1

Quite half the playing time at Rugger is spent scrumming, and scrumming does not in any way rouse the ordinary spectator. What fascinates and exhilarates the crowd is some smart three-quarter play, the running, dodging, and passing, not forgetting the fearless collaring. That is the Rugger that one dreams of, which raises the enthusiasm and admiration. This being so, I think it would be an advantage if the scrum could be abolished. If a man intentionally holds the ball, allow the opposite side a free kick if in their own half, and perhaps a throw down by the referee if in the defenders' half. However, abolish the scrum and we can leave the provision of an effective substitute to the authorities that be. Another point that strikes the plain man is that there are too many players on the field: fifteen a side are too many, eleven a side would, I think, be quite sufficient. The players would then have more room to display their talent. Abolish the scrum, reduce the number of players, and the game would become a more open one, and there would be more opportunity for brilliant running and tackling. If this were done, I think Rugby would become far more interesting, and prove a serious rival to the Association game.

Photographs Sport and General

Charles Williams

The professional champion, who, by defeating Mr. E. M Baerlein, the amateur champion, has gained the Open Rackets Championship of England. He is the professional coach to Harrow School

To these criticisms the Rugby man replies: "Thank you; but we play football for our own amusement and not for that of the crowd. We are private individuals, not public entertainers. Scrummage play is the backbone of the Rugby game, and we do not propose to do away with it merely because its finer points are generally invisible to the eye of the onlooker outside the ropes, or to alter the whole character of the game in order to enhance its value for show purposes." But, quite apart from this, Mr. Davis seems to have overlooked the fact that improvements on the lines which he suggests have already been tried — without conspicuous success. When a section of the Northerners seceded from the Rugby Union, formed the Northern Union, and frankly went in for professionalism and the "show" line of business, they forthwith altered the laws of the game by reducing the size of the scrummage, and making other modifications calculated to render the game faster and more open. What was the result? It is at least doubtful whether the Northern Union game is more attractive to watch than genuine Rugger, while from a playing point of view there is no comparison at all between the two. *As a game* Rugger is streets in front of its illegitimate offspring.

RACKETS

The "Arrival" of Charles Williams

Although the amateur champion, Mr. E. M. Baerlein, made the most of his somewhat slender chance of wiping off the heavy deficit against him in the second stage of his match for the Open Championship of England with the professional champion, Charles Williams, at Manchester last Wednesday, the leeway proved too much for him to make up, for Williams, as it happened, played better rackets than he has ever played before in a big match. His tremendous hitting, combined with his extraordinary quickness about the court (two attributes which are somewhat rarely combined in one man), stamp him as a star of the first magnitude among rackets players, and my last week's prophecy that if Mr. Baerlein were beaten he would by no means be disgraced was amply fulfilled. I hope now that Williams will have an opportunity of challenging the Parsee player, Jamsitjee,

"HARLENE HAIR-DRILL"

Great Coronation Offer

A CROWN FOR EVERY BRITISH SUBJECT FREE

Mr. Edwards' first step in this great Coronation Offer is to send free supplies of his famous "Harlene Hair Drill" Outfits to every person who desires this crowning glory, a luxuriant, healthy head of hair.

There is also a most interesting £500 Prize Competition.

There is presented to every man and woman this great Coronation year the means of obtaining without cost a personal "crown" that will prove a lasting pride. The "crown" offered is that of a luxuriant, free-growing head of hair, and that irrespective of its present condition.

Mr. Edwards, of "Harlene Hair-Drill" fame, has decided to mark this auspicious year by presenting to all a triple gift which will enable them to commence a pleasant, common-sense method of eradicating hair troubles and of cultivating strong, healthy, fine-looking hair.

The "Harlene Hair-Drill" Triple Gift is:—

1. A seven days' supply of the splendid hair specific and tonic "Harlene."
2. A special supply of "Cremex," which, by cleansing the hair of all dust and dirt, prepares the scalp for the use of "Harlene."
3. An extremely interesting book describing "Hair-Drill" method of growing hair.

This triple gift will be sent you free in order that you may at once commence without expense to yourself a seven days' free trial of "Harlene Hair-Drill."

To secure this "Harlene Hair-Drill" Triple Gift please send your name and address on the coupon below, together with 3*d.* in stamps to cover cost of postage. Should you need larger supplies of "Harlene" this may be obtained of all chemists in bottles at 1*s.*, 2*s.* 6*d.*, and 4*s.* 6*d.*

"Cremex" Shampoo Powders may be obtained in a similar manner, price 1*s.* per box of six.

In addition to the triple gift for those who desire a crown of beautiful hair, the discoverer of "Harlene" has inaugurated

A GREAT CORONATION COMPETITION WITH £500 CASH PRIZES.

Every user of "Harlene" is eligible. There is no entrance fee. The discoverer of "Harlene Hair-Drill" has decided to award the **£500** in the following manner:

1st Grand Prize.—£50 in Cash to the Lady with the finest head of hair.

1st Grand Prize.—£50 in Cash to the Gentleman with the finest head of hair.

1st Grand Prize.—£25 in Cash to the little Girl with the best head of hair.

1st Grand Prize.—£25 in Cash to the Boy with the best head of hair.

The remainder of the Cash Prizes will be awarded as follows:—

Ladies' Section.—2nd Prize of **£25**, and 20 Prizes of **£1** each; 200 Consolation Prizes of **10s.** each.

Gentlemen's Section.—2nd Prize of **£25**, and 20 Prizes of **£1** each; 200 Consolation Prizes of **10s.** each.

Children's Section.—2nd Prize of **£10** each to Boy and Girl, also 10 Prizes of **£1** each for Girls, and 10 Prizes of **£1** for Boys, also 20 Consolation Prizes of **10s.** to Girls, and 20 of **10s.** each to Boys.

THE SIMPLE CONDITIONS OF ENTRY.

1st. Each person entering the competition must send to The Edwards' Harlene Co. a photograph in which a good view of the hair is clearly given. This photograph will be judged by a Committee.

2nd. It is necessary that each competitor shall be a user of "Harlene," and therefore shall send a wrapper from any bottle of "Harlene" which has been used by the competitor, whether 2s., 2s. 6d., or 4s. 6d. bottle. Wrappers from Sample Outfits will not be accepted.

3rd. It is an absolute condition of entry that the decision of the committee is taken as final, from which there is no appeal.

4th. All photographs must reach the Edwards' Harlene Co. not later than June 21st, 1911, the day before the Coronation, and must bear the name and address of the sender, together with any particulars that may assist the Judging Committee in arriving at a decision, written distinctly on a slip pasted at the back of the photograph. Photographs may be sent any time from now, but in any case not later than June 21st, 1911.

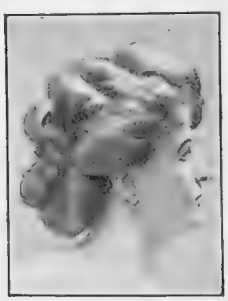
5th. This competition is open to the Colonies as well as those in the British Isles.

6th. No responsibility can be recognised for the delay, loss, or return of photographs sent in for competition.

7th. The announcement of the result will be published in *The Daily Mail*, *The Daily Express*, and *The Daily Chronicle* on July 13th, and the distribution of prizes will take place on that date.

"Hair-Drill" should be commenced at the very earliest age. It strengthens the hair-roots and avoids such troubles as scurf, etc.

Hair in glorious, abundant masses should be the possession of all. If you lack this gift "Harlene Hair-Drill" will enable you to secure it.



It is in the prime of life that the hair needs most attention, for it is then that it is most liable to fall out if the scalp is neglected.

Hair that looks well—and is well—gives added smartness to the appearance. "Harlene Hair-Drill" assures this to every man.

In the keen competition of to-day it is necessary for a man of business to keep his youthful, clean-cut appearance, and here the matter of hair is of great importance.

There is no reason why age should necessitate baldness. Men who adopt the "Harlene" Method in advanced years keep plentiful, healthy heads of hair.

FREE TRIAL OUTFIT COUPON.

This Coupon entitles its Holder to a Free Outfit for Increasing the Beauty and Growth of the Hair.

To The Edwards' Harlene Co., 95-96, High Holborn, London, W.C.
Kindly send me one of the Toilet Outfits as per your offer in above article.
I enclose 3*d.* in stamps to cover the postal charges to any part of the world.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

The Bystander, Feb. 1, 1911 .....

for the World's Championship. Jamsitjee has been champion since 1903, when he beat Gilbert Browne, who succeeded to the title on the retirement of the incomparable Peter Latham.

Hunting Notes

Lord Lonsdale's Position

So much has been said and written about the unfortunate rumpus in the Cottesmore country that one hesitates to add anything to a controversy which might have been avoided if more tact had been used on either side. Lord Lonsdale's reputation as one of the finest sportsmen in the kingdom has not been lightly won. Most of us know that he has worked hard and not spared expense to make things go well with these hounds, and, speaking impartially, one feels that he had reason on his side when he complained of rank discourtesy on the part of many of the subscribers of the Hunt. I am glad to see that the Hunt Committee have made an apology for what occurred at the recent meeting. In his day Lord Lonsdale was one of the finest riders to hounds ever seen. Even now he can make his horses—and what beauties they are—gallop much better than the majority of men do, and though he does not thirst now for the glories of the big jump, he has remarkable aptitude for getting to his hounds. It is generally admitted that he has improved the Cottesmore hounds to a very large extent, but so far the improvement has been more apparent in the kennel than in the field. In other words, while the hounds are much better-looking and better-bred than they formerly were, they have not been successful in showing the sport that their predecessors did.

Reason for the Change

This is, perhaps, the crux of the whole situation. According to some of those who hunt regularly with the famous pack, Cottesmore sport has declined. One cannot but deplore the abruptness with which the Master has been treated, but in any case a change of command in this country was almost inevitable in view of the strained relations which have for some time past prevailed between the M.F.H. and the Committee. People are wondering who will fill the vacancy when Lord Lonsdale gives up his office. The new Cottesmore M.F.H. must needs be, among other things, popular, tactful, and wealthy. He must be able to hold his own when the field is on the ride, and he should have a good all-round knowledge of Leicestershire hunting. Obviously, the job is not easy, yet it is stated that there is no lack of well-qualified candidates.

Cottesmore Candidates

A name frequently mentioned in this connection is that of Lord Kensington, a first-rate horseman, who has already had experience in the Mastership of hounds, and is likely to do the thing thoroughly well. Sir Charles Lowther is also talked of as a likely man for this important country. Young, enthusiastic, well-liked, and an exceptionally fine rider, and formerly an officer in the 8th Hussars, the Cottesmore people might easily make a worse selection. He and his brother, Mr. J. G. Lowther, have been among Pytchley first-flighters, and the latter is to marry Lord Annaly's elder daughter, the Hon. Lilal White. Lord Dalmeny's name has also been coupled with the future Mastership of the Cottesmore, and here again we have a young sportsman who might easily make a great success as M.F.H. Certainly Lord Rosebery's elder son could be depended upon to be equal to holding in check the boldest thrusters in the country when hounds were running.

Racing Notions

By Carbine

THE COMING HANDICAPS

A Glance at the Lincoln

Most of us have industriously gone through the weights for the Lincolnshire and Grand National in an endeavour to find some mistake, or, let us say, some undue leniency, on the part of the handicappers. So far as the flat race is concerned there are few points for criticism. Mr. Ord has done his work well, and the race is likely to be a very open affair. Taking first those horses which are handicapped at 8st. or more, I should say the pick is The Story. He is a big colt who may not be easy to get early into condition, but training conditions are ideal this winter, so Morton will probably be able to have The Story ready for Lincoln if the animal is wanted there. Passing on to the 7st. batch, we find last year's winner, Cinderello, with an additional 6lb. to carry, but I prefer **Dalnacrag**, a most consistent, honest horse, not at all badly weighted.

—And the Grand National

We all expected Jerry M. and Cackler to top the steeplechase handicap, and if I were backing anything just now for the Aintree race I would as soon take Mr. Assheton-Smith's pair as any others. On last year's form Jerry M. ought to beat Jenkinstown and maintain his superiority over Odor, Carsey, and the rest. There is nothing tangible to show us that the top-weight is a better horse than Cackler, but on the strength of his grand show a year ago I am inclined to give him the benefit of the doubt. I was specially interested to see what Rory O'Moore would be asked to carry, and I am glad to see that the handicapper has not been too severe with him. He may win if he can get over the Aintree jumps, but it is a mighty big "if." Coulthwaite's young horse, Rathnally, is well looked after with 11st. Briefly, I think **Jerry M.** and **Cackler** will be the best to trust.

Sandown Selections

At Kempton on Saturday the conditions were delightful, and when our selection, Jock, easily captured the chief event of the afternoon there were "no complaints." The four-year-old hurdle race at Sandown on Friday looks like being an interesting affair, and so does the Claremont Hurdle Handicap, which **Bagotstown** may win. The Mole Steeplechase may go to **Red Cloud**. On the following day a number of Grand National candidates will be brought out for the Prince of Wales Steeplechase, and for that reason the race will be watched with special interest. **Cackler** has got a back-breaking weight, but I shall expect him to win if he runs. In his absence I should choose **The Duffrey**. The Epsom Steeplechase may be secured by **Police Trap**.

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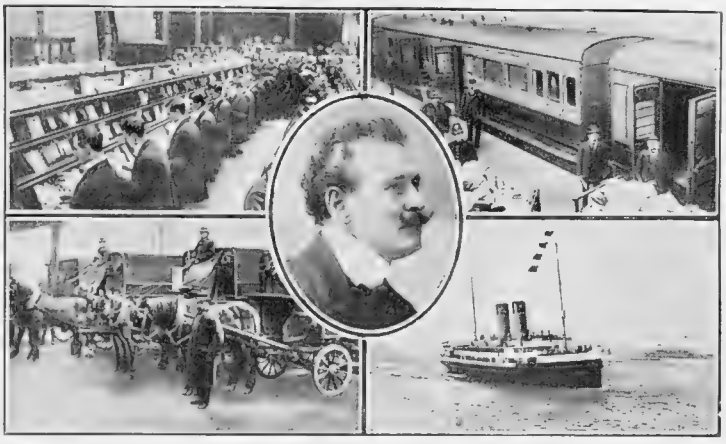

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Against Panicmongering

The complimentary luncheon to Grahame White at the Waldorf the other day produced speeches into which matter of some interest was woven. We had, for example, Major Baden-Powell decrying the decryers of the dangers of aviation, and urging that we should rather encourage the flyer to take risks so long as he took them with caution—or words to a like effect. It was a quaint and distinctly Hibernian way of presenting a case with which we may properly have some sympathy. It is not useful to scream of danger because danger exists. Hysteria is at the base of several large movements to-day, but they are not healthy movements. Hysteria could possibly build up quite a large opposition to flying on the score of danger, but it is not healthy opposition, and is foredoomed. We had it against the car. We had it, for that matter, against the bicycle. It was irksome and (except in a minor aspect) harmful to the development of the sport and the business. It took time to kill. It is not entirely dead yet. But it is very emaciated. Hysteria is not a strong meat to nourish a movement with.

'Tis Meet to Motor to Meet

The Marchioness of Headfort arriving *en* automobile at the meet of the Meath Hounds at Dunshaughlin

Dangers Real and Dangers Imagined

In particular connection with flying there *is* danger—much danger. I take leave to differ very seriously in this from so weighty an authority as Grahame White, who said that aviation only became dangerous when the pilot endeavoured to perform feats for which the machine was not constructed. The machine was constructed for flying. But it is an experimental machine, and must remain in embryo until experience has established all the conditions of safety. Until then, although it is constructed for flying, every trip is an adventure in largely unknown seas. Why, with the de Forest prize on the near horizon, Mr. Grahame White himself came to grief a few weeks ago. But I would not, therefore, join with the exponents of hysteria. If I did it would have no good effect upon those adventurous souls who would infinitely prefer flying straight into the teeth of chance to plodding the comparatively dull and melancholy way of the ordinary sober-sided citizen. But I would insist that, however picturesque we may be in our stupidity, we are not more than stupid when we ignore obvious things.

The Unprofitableness of Dead Lions

It is obvious, for example, that we have little experience of flying at all, and that the present machines reflect our lack of knowledge splendidly. It is obvious that some periods of the year are highly unfavourable to successful flight. It is obvious that if our experience is to make any contribution to the bank of knowledge, we must return from our flight with breath in our body and a light in our brain. It is picturesque to fall a thousand feet, but it isn't very helpful except to the undertaker. Obviously, therefore, we must proceed with circumspection and the greatest care, feeling our way with caution from the most favourable conditions to the slightly less favourable. It is obviously absurd to allow competitions during the most adverse months of the year. It merely magnifies the dangers of an obviously dangerous experience. It is beside the mark to argue that we must get experiences of adverse conditions. That is merely an attempt to justify a man on a glider launching himself from a high eminence in a monsoon. The infant Sykes may presently have to get experience in running away from a policeman, but first he has to learn to walk.

The Middle Way

That is the position. I am not with Major Baden-Powell if he would encourage aviators to ignore danger. I do not like dead aviators. They cannot teach us anything. I am not with the

exponents of hysteria who merely scream danger and flourish their impotent mops at the incoming sea. I love Mrs. Partington alive as little as I love a reckless aviator dead. The only good purpose is served by steering a middle course (there is fairway in plenty) between these two. Frankly to recognise the danger and urge all necessary caution; at the same time frankly to admit that here is a movement with vast potentialities of public good, and to offer what encouragement is possible to those who bravely pioneer development—that is the sane attitude.

Single-Track Motoring

In a recent issue I made some references to the motor-car race proposed in connection with the Douglas Jubilee Celebration Fêtes in the Isle of Man. During the same week the Tourist Trophy Race of the Auto-Cycle Union will also be held, so that (unless, indeed, the combination against the idea of the car road race should prove too strong—as to which more anon) we shall once again have a time quite reminiscent of the brave days of old. And that reference to auto-cycles will serve to introduce a word or two concerning the giant strides which have been made during the past year toward the perfection of this form of road transport. One excellent illustration of that development was supplied by the run to Exeter and back organised by the Motor-Cycle Club, and carried through under some of the worst possible conditions. Actually fifty-one machines, some with side cars attached and others solus, went through the trip of near to 350 miles within the twenty-four hours. It was quite a Spartan adventure, and in view of the popularly held belief that motor-cycling in wet weather is a desperately precarious mode of travel, it is a specially notable fact, to which the number who finished within schedule time bears eloquent witness, that the journey was completed without particular mishap. The objections to the motor-cycle in winter are its insecurity upon grease, ignition trouble through wet, and belt-slipping from the same cause. Machine poise, the balanced distribution of weight, smooth engine turning and even transmission, in conjunction with well-designed non-skid tyres, are eliminating the tendency to side-slip, although it is just one of those lugubrious features which I fear ingenuity can hardly hope to entirely remove from a single-track machine. For the others, protection is possible, and has been largely secured already. The belt certainly, although its percentage of efficiency as a medium of power-transmission holds a proud place, does not appeal as finality, and the chain, and even the shaft-drive, are steadily improving their position in popular regard. It is, however, the remarkable degree of engine efficiency which has been reached that constitutes the chief glory of motor-cycle development, and brought the machine to such demand. It is reliable to-day as the best car is reliable, and for speed will be equal to practically anything on a give-and-take road. It is at the bottom of the ladder of the petrol engine in power and price, but it is not the least of the media of transport which has come to us from Otto and Daimler, either in the possibilities of travel which it opens up, the advance of knowledge which comes through travel, or the health that waits on both.

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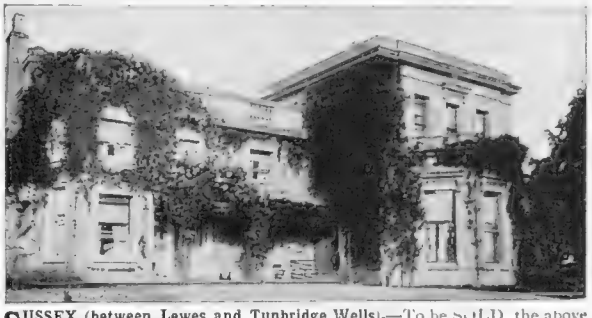

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TOTAL AREA 27 ACRES.

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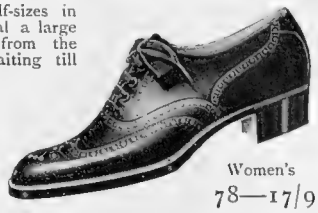

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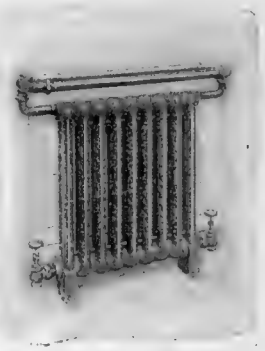

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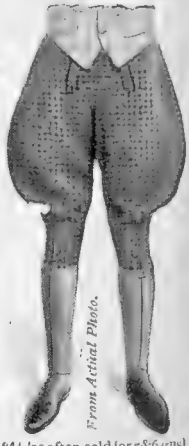

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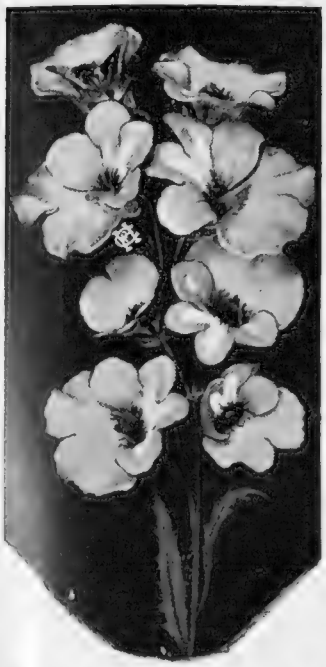

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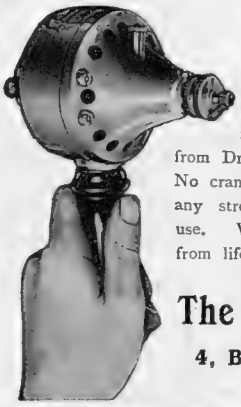

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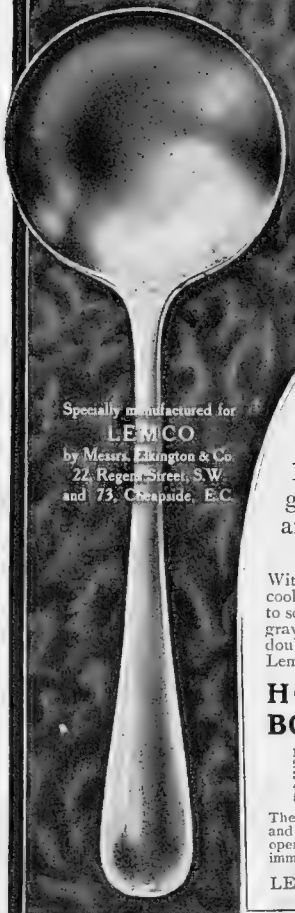

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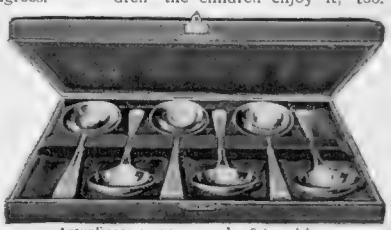

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A single movement of the thumb raises the colander with the leaves in it above the water level, where it is held by a button. This movement takes place without removing the lid, thus retaining the full aroma, yet there is no mechanism to get out of order.

LANCET.—"We do not remember one so simple and convenient."

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(W. A. S. Benson & Co., Ltd.),

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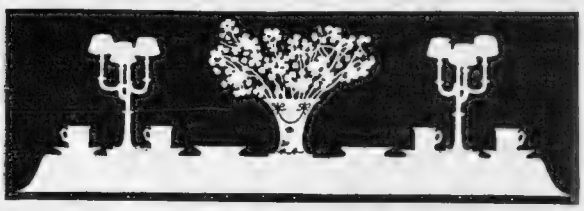
Complete List of Table Ware in Silver, Electro-plate, and Orichalcum sent Post Free.



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promotes tranquil sleep.

The heavy supper disturbs the digestion and prevents what should be a sweet natural sleep. Choose something light, dainty, and sustaining, that tones and nourishes the system while it soothes the nerves.

The 'Allenburys' Diet fulfils these conditions and is quickly made by adding boiling water. It is a partially predigested food made from rich milk and whole wheat—the vital food elements, and forms a delicious supper repast.

A Large Sample sent on receipt of 3d. stamps to cover postage.

Made in a Minute—
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In Tins,
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MOTOR TYRES REMAINS UNIMPAIRED

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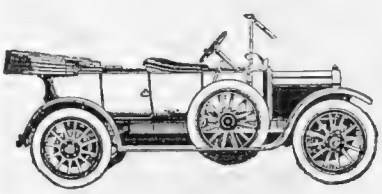
TO SUIT ALL CLASSES



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IT is difficult to find another car that affords all the distinct advantages of the Maudslay. Our repeat orders show conclusively that purchasers cannot better their choice of car. You can rely on consistent running with the Maudslay, as it is free from complicated mechanism. The carriage is beautifully suspended, rendering travel a real pleasure.

Please send for new superbly illustrated booklet to-day, mentioning the "Bystander."

60, PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.

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BEST BRITISH

The book is a story of the rapid development of this branch of the undertaking, and demonstrates how it is possible upon merit, combined with publicity, to build up in the space of two years a very solid demand. The Continental "T" profile tyres particularly have a great vogue among omnibus companies, Corporations, and other commercial vehicle users, in several instances winning from these judges of value the recognition of exclusive service. The submission to any user (actual or potential) of solid tyres is, therefore, to send for this brochure.

Messrs. Spencer Moulton and Co., Ltd., notify the good news of their decision to make a reduction of 10 per cent. to 15 per cent. on their covers and 20 per cent. on their inner tubes.

Talbots commence the New Year auspiciously. The Christchurch-Dunedin reliability trial over a 500-mile course resulted in the 15 h.-p. Talbot taking first prize for reliability, first prize for lowest petrol consumption, and the 100-guinea cup for the best performance. I presume it left off there because there were no other prizes to take! Australasia seems to be as happy a hunting-ground for Talbot cars as Great Britain ever proved—and that is saying as much as can possibly be said for the vehicle in this connection.

I recently gave particulars of the Victor Combination Tube and Shield (tube reinforced or all-rubber—a very fine all-rubber tube indeed), which is being manufactured by the Challenge Rubber Mills at Eagle Wharf Road. At the Paris Salon I found this combination on the stand of the Pneumatiques Cordes Vittu attracting considerable attention, and am now informed that Challenge tubes have been awarded the only gold medal in the British tyre section of the Buenos Aires Exhibition. Good. This firm is making quite a reputation for itself on its retreads and has a rather surprising scheme by which useless old covers are replaced without charge by sound retreading covers. The Victor tyre lever, another of the firm's specialities—a triplex self-acting little tool which requires no hands to hold it in position at all—is one of the most effective levers of my knowledge.

In Memoriam

In the presence of 850 workers at the Rolls-Royce factories Mr. Claude Johnson recently unveiled the memorial depicted above in commemoration of the many achievements of the late Hon. Charles Stewart Rolls, one of the pioneers, as he was one of the noteworthy exponents, both of automobilism and aviation

DELAHAYE cars earn the warmest praise from their owners. Earl de la Warr writes of his 9-11 h.-p. Delahaye that it has "given the utmost satisfaction." Inspect the latest models at the Showrooms of H. M. Hobson, Ltd., 16, Pall Mall, W.C

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OF SURPLUS STOCK
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. . During this Sale we are offering the whole of our surplus stock — comprising Hundreds of Services, Ornamental Pieces in great variety, Rose Bowls, Flower Stands, Vases, etc., etc.

China & Glass
BOTH USEFUL AND ORNAMENTAL
At Reductions ranging to 10/- in the £.

. . This Annual Sale is absolutely genuine, the goods offered having formed part of our Regular Stock. Even the least expensive article will be found of that Reliable Quality for which our house has been well known for 150 years. This is a special opportunity for those wishing to replenish their stocks at Exceptional Prices. Goods stored free of charge if desired. If unable to call—write for Illustrated Booklet of Sale Bargains.

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ONLY ADDRESS 39, LUDGATE HILL LONDON, E.C. ESTABLISHED 1760

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CHERRY BRANDY

Have you tried it with the Cheese Course?

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CRÈME DE MENTHE
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A high-class tonic and digestive liqueur
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BEDFORD 1911 CARS

3 YEARS' GUARANTEE.

DECLARATION.

Whilst retaining all the popular features of 1909 and 1910. BEDFORD CARS for 1911 will surpass anything yet offered in the shape of a low priced 4 cylinder of highest quality and refinement.
The well known Planetary gear silent and damage proof, will still form one of the most practical portions of BEDFORD Cars, because owners find how delightfully easy and reliable it is - but we wish our friends and their friends too - to note that we can supply the latest BEDFORD Model to those who prefer it with a first class Sliding Gear and Gate-change.
This year's output will beat all records - so ORDER AT ONCE..

BEDFORD MOTORS LTD.
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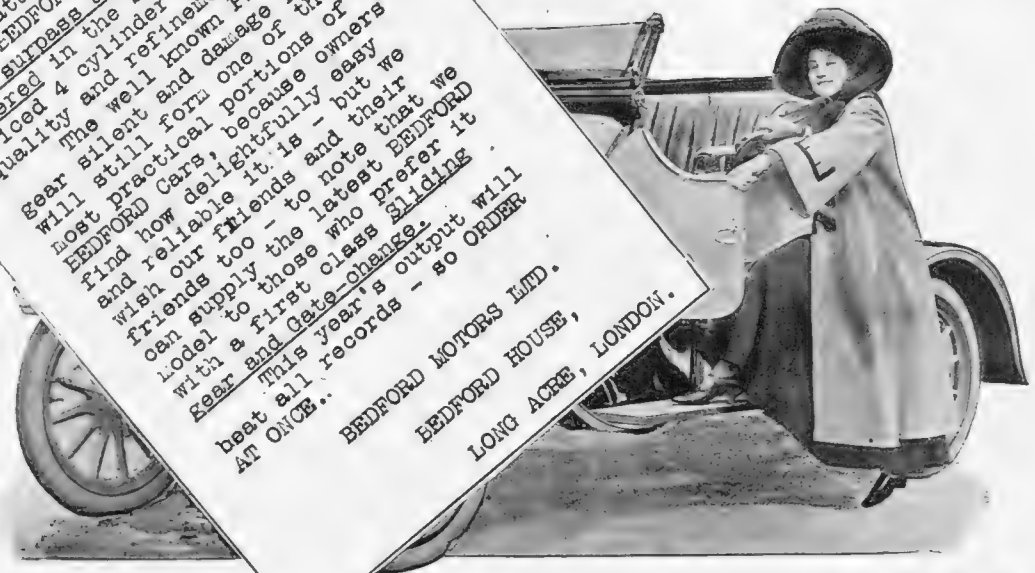

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THE PERFECT PURE COCOA
which does NOT

constipate

"This is genuine cocoa."—*Lancet.*
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will digest anything

and is perfectly delicious.
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CHOCOLATE.
A PERFECT CONCENTRATED FOOD and LUXURY for persons suffering from DIABETES.
In CARTONS at Is. each.
Of all Chemists, &c.

H. SCHWEITZER & CO., Ltd.,
143, York Road, London, N.

XII

Argyll Cars are now introduced for the twelfth year in succession.

As a direct result of the progress made in that time, the Argyll has rapidly achieved that prominence and popularity which its merits undoubtedly deserve.

The Argyll Car

Extreme simplicity of design, with chosen materials and first-class workmanship, place it in the front rank of Britain's Best.

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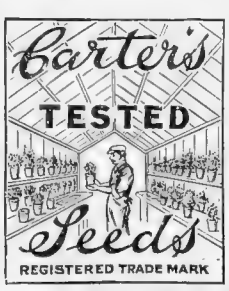

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HIGH HOLBORN

New Offices and Seed Testing Grounds.
RAYNES PARK, LONDON, S.W.

Branches { 237 and 238, High Holborn, W.C.
53a, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.

By MRS. JACK MAY

THE plot appreciably thickens around the introduction of the *jupon culotte* (Turkish trousers). Those who account themselves in the modistic lead look portentously convincing when the subject is raised, and wag sagacious heads, inferring that *they* know something very exclusive and final. Perhaps the safest suggestion is that the *jupon culotte* will creep in under the auspices of the teagown, the upper part comprising a longish coat. And even the most prejudiced against divided garments for the fair must admit that baggy trousers are infinitely more graceful than the yard-wide skirt. I have, by the way, some authority for stating that costume-skirts will measure as much as 2¼yds. round the hem. There's a concession for us. Also instances are already being shown of subtly inserted pleats that give as the wearer moves, which is a trend that should lend comfort to those women of portly build who have bravely wrestled with the "hobble," to their own intense discomfort and their friends' unkind amusement.

Vivid Colourings and Alliance of Different Materials

It is in very truth an age of daring. I wonder shall we wear the extraordinarily vivid colours predicted? The lead-off will be with a rose-red, which will go hand-in-hand with cobalt-blue. And still further to confound the confusion, materials will be mixed. Thus one-half of a dress will be of cloth and the other of *charmeuse*, or one half of *crêpe de Chine* and the other of lace. Obviously the most fantastic flights will be made on these lines, and obviously there will be some terrible *faux pas*. Once this decree has been made manifest to the populace, we may look to see the remnant-lover running a riot. For think of the economy of a "bitty" dress.

Then, too, tunics are surviving, but under slightly different auspices, from the now ubiquitous straight affair; the sales are quite successfully doing for that. On the ashes will arise a draped tunic, or, rather, one might say tunics, for when draperies are in play there is always plenty of opportunity for diversity.

Will Boleros Be Worn?

Opinions are, as yet, bewilderingly divided on this revival. Myself, I think we shall find boleros romping to the front very shortly. Veritable Empire things, which to be correct should have tremendously long, close-fitting sleeves. Our ladies' tailors, however, will have none of them, and the reason of their attitude is quite understandable. Boleros are relatively simple to fashion, whereas the semi-fitting hip coats exact the most expert hand. Also, there is a quaint little half-cape, half-bolero affair. A great future is predicted for this departure, and it is a prophecy that has every promise of being verified, for it is essentially graceful and just the slight, but at the same time efficient, wrap necessitated by our lukewarm climate during the spring and early summer.

"Fashion's Brightest Arts"
Charming coat and skirt with daring possibilities. Fine rose-coloured serge, with *nacré* buttons and black velvet collar, and hat of black satin are suggested as suitable for this costume

(SKETCHED BY DOROTHY MILLAR)

For the stereotyped coat and skirt, fine serges, friezes, and light makes of *ratine*, and such-like rough-surfaced cloths are far in advance of plain cloths. Stripes will have a small vogue, together with certain novel-patterned fabrics. Our first illustration gives a safe little suit for the moment, and one not easily dated, although it is quite of its hour. Those of you who have the courage to dare criticism might with every reason exploit this costume in a fine rose-coloured serge, with *nacré* buttons and black velvet collar. The *jabot*, falling over the right-hand side shoulder, should be of parchment-tinted

When tired do you know the value of a

MUSTARD BATH

A hot bath to which is added a couple of tablespoonfuls or so of

COLMAN'S MUSTARD

S.H.B.

A WELL-FORMED FIGURE

Enhances Woman's Attractiveness.

Beauty of Form is the true expression of Youth. To acquire or preserve the first is to retain the second eternally.

Why is it that the Englishwoman, who has the privilege of possessing the freshest, the prettiest, and the most brilliant complexion in the world, should, very often, be so little favoured with a good figure? Perhaps Nature, regretting having been so liberal on the one hand, makes up for it by being parsimonious on the other; or again the real reason may be that it is due to the lack of interest, to the ignorance even, of many ladies as to the ways in which Nature may be helped and her imperfections remedied. Without doubt the majority of my readers will not fail to recognise that whilst nice features, a soft skin, and a lovely complexion are most precious attributes, it has been the perfect figure, the fine and well-formed body, which have at all times inspired painters and sculptors and which are unquestionably the highest expression of feminine beauty. The thing then is whom to apply to, whom to believe in? These are the two important questions which one naturally asks as they stand in the way of realising this enviable perfection.

I dare to say that I have succeeded in making a great name for myself in France and all over the Continent by discovering a wonderful process, which after giving me, in a few weeks' time, an admirable figure, has given to all those who have consulted me joy and happiness. My process in no way resembles any other, there is nothing to be taken internally; it is exceedingly simple in application and requires no assistance; the rapidity of its effects are remarkable, and day by day the figure grows and becomes more perfect; moreover, the results obtained are permanent and durable, a fact which has been proved by an officer of the Faculty of Medicine of Paris, Dr. Ceccaldi, who tested my method on some of his patients, and who considers it as a serious and efficient means for the beautifying of woman's figure.

Who now is better qualified to give a judgment on my method, and to justify that confidence which I so much desire as the ladies who have used it? This is what they say:—

Miss E. G....., Wimbledon, S.W. "I am absolutely astonished with the marvellous change which has taken place in my bust. Before using your treatment my bust was perfectly flat, and I also had deep hollows round my neck. I am delighted to say that now my bust possesses full, round, and firm breasts, the fulness extending up into my neck and improving that."

Mrs. H....., Bayswater, London, W. "Judge to my surprise when after four nights' application I noticed that my bust was enlarging and my breasts getting round and well formed. At the end of 10 days I was more delighted than I can express, for I realised that not only my bust had acquired the charming outline that I so much desired, but that my throat was filled out and plump, and my shoulders well rounded."

Mrs. E....., Newport. "At the end of a fortnight's use of your treatment the results were so striking that my friends remarked upon it. I am so charmed that I could spend my time admiring my own figure in the mirror."

But to mention all the testimonials I have in my possession would be to fill up every column of this paper.

Desirous of spreading far and wide the benefits of my discovery, I have decided, through a special arrangement, to send free to all those who will send me the coupon below, with a 2½d. stamp for the reply, the way to give to their figure that desirable fulness and firmness. Write to-day to Madame HÉLÈNE DUROY, Division No. 513D, Paris, 12, Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin.

"THE BYSTANDER." **FREE COUPON, No. 513D,**

Entitling the bearer to receive free information of Madame HÉLÈNE DUROY'S discovery.

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P.S.—If using a sealed envelope, stamp at 2½d.

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"haute nouveauté" corsets are ideal, being built on anatomical principles an elegant and graceful contour is created. Mesdames are specialists for Fashionable, Surgical, Gestation, Restoring, Obesity, and Hunting Corsets. Only address,

280, REGENT STREET, LONDON.

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FATE THE STARS TELL YOU.

4,000 TESTIMONIALS.

I will send a **Test Horoscope** comprising seven pages and cover on receipt of 1/- P.O. and 1d. stamp for postage. **Simply give date, month and year of birth—time if known. Mr. Newton Verity (B.E.), 4, Duke St., Adelphi, London. W.C.**

SPONGES. **Buy Direct.**—1 large Bath, 2 Toilets, 1 Motor, 1 Pantry, 5 for 3/6; Motor Sponges, 10/6, 18/-, 36/- per doz., 3 samples for 5/6; both parcels 2/6. Illustrated Catalogue free. DIRECT SUPPLY COMPANY, 53B, Victoria Buildings, Manchester.

The present-day demand is for very mild bacon, but with good keeping qualities. In **MILES'** you have all which goes to make a Bacon agreeable to the most fastidious palate—Mildness in Cure, Uniformity in Quality and Cheapness in Price.

Will you try a Side? We ***can*** *please you.*

MILES' FINEST 3 STAR EXCELLENT,

weighing about 45lbs.

Smoked 8¼d. Unsmoked 7¾d.

RAIL PAID ANYWHERE.

Send for Illustrated List.

EDWARD MILES,

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Provides Free Meals for Starving Families.

See "THE DAILY GRAPHIC."

The Greatest Treat of all!

Brushing one's teeth with Calox is surely the most delightful feature of one's toilet.

Calox Tooth Powder liberates a rich supply of cleansing, purifying, life-giving Oxygen which, besides removing every trace of tartar and discoloration from the teeth, sweetens and invigorates all the tissues and deodorises the breath. Prevents decay, arrests it when started.

CALOX

THE OXYGEN TOOTH POWDER

Sold everywhere at 1/1½, but to encourage readers to give Calox a Trial, we will send a Sample, together with a useful little book, quite Free. Simply send address on a postcard.

THE CALOX TOOTH BRUSH

Specially designed for use with Calox Tooth Powder, and by means of it every part of every tooth can be perfectly cleaned. Sold everywhere at 1/-

G. B. KENT AND SONS, LIMITED, 75, Farringdon Road, London, E.C.

lace, while the hat is of black satin, the front caught sharply up with a great jet arc, from out which springs a black osprey.

Daggett and Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream

Cold cream is an emollient we are all familiar with. From our childhood's days it has assuaged many a small ill in the way of chapped lips, faces, and hands. But of late years it has taken on the much more important rôle of hygienically cleansing, preserving, and beautifying the skin, and with the wider outlook is frequently offered under cheap, spurious conditions.

In the old still-room days, when good housewives gave personal supervision, only the purest ingredients were requisitioned. And it is on these lines, but on a large, wholesale scale, Messrs. Daggett and Ramsdell work to-day. Without knowledge one may be tempted to buy a pot of cold cream without any inquiry, which, of course, might be all right, although, on the other hand, might contain all manner of deleterious concomitants, such as lead and bismuth; whereas, if the name of Daggett and Ramsdell be kept in mind, there is surety of securing an entirely safe, indeed a unique, quality of cream.

Tea Service de Luxe
Designed with Royal blue bands, pink-and-green floral borders, and gold edging. Shown by Messrs. Pearce, of 39, Ludgate Hill

For Beauty's Bower
Toilet set in ivory white, relieved with garlands of pink roses

A Notable Sale of China

Always fully worthy a visit is the stocktaking clearance at Messrs. Pearce's, 39, Ludgate Hill. The bargains here are very real, very numerous, and most attractive. Established since 1760, this establishment has a long and unbroken record to maintain, and none, therefore, need hesitate before the purchase of the dainty tea service, comprising forty pieces, of which three specimens are depicted. The design consists of a Royal blue band, with a delicate pink-and-green floral border, gold lines, and traced handles. And the price is only 23*s.* 6*d.*

In toilet sets there are some quite unprecedented opportunities, commencing as low as 7*s.* 6*d.*, a sum attached to a graceful shape, ornamented with groups of roses in natural colourings, with clouded gold edge and handles, a perfect choice for a young girl's bedroom. Of more stately character is the set illustrated, which costs for five pieces 10*s.* 6*d.* and for nine pieces 21*s.* 9*d.* On a soft ivory body wreaths of delicate pink roses are disposed with stripes of green foliage, while the edges are gold and the handles heavily traced.

It must be noted that the sale commences on February 6 and closes on the 18th.

The Menu: SOME PUDDINGS AND SWEETS

Pineapple Pudding

Put a gill of milk in a saucepan with a few drops of vanilla essence and bring to the boil. In another saucepan melt 2oz. of butter, stir in 2oz. of flour, and cook for a few seconds; add the milk, stir vigorously with a wooden spoon till a soft paste-like mixture is obtained. Put this in a basin and add the yolks of two eggs, 2oz. of castor sugar, and 6oz. of pineapple (tinned pineapple will do), cut into small dice. Whisk the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, and stir carefully into the above. Pour the mixture into a well-buttered mould, and steam for one and a quarter hours. Turn out on to a hot dish, and pour round the following sauce: Mix a dessertspoonful of cornflour with a gill of pineapple syrup, boil up whilst stirring, then add a glass of marsala or sherry, a little castor sugar, and boil for a few minutes longer.

Omelette au Rhum

Beat well four eggs for four or five minutes, adding a pinch of salt and a small teaspoonful of castor sugar. Melt 1½oz. of butter, and let it get quite hot, then pour in the beaten eggs, and leave this for a few seconds to cook over a very bright fire until there is a thin layer of cooked egg underneath. This can be ascertained by tilting the pan a little, when if ready a little steam will escape; lift this side carefully with a broad-bladed knife, and let the still liquid egg run underneath, repeating this process till there is no more uncooked egg left. Fold the omelette over, and add a small spoonful of rum, which is poured alight on the top of the omelette. Dish up and serve. (This omelette is a noted dish at the Rendezvous Restaurant, Dean Street.)

Caramel Pudding

Mix together 3oz. of breadcrumbs and 2oz. of crushed Savoy biscuits in a bowl. Dissolve 3oz. of castor sugar and a tablespoonful of water in a small saucepan over the fire, letting it remain till it becomes a rich coffee colour, shake the pan gently to prevent any part of it becoming brown, add half a pint of milk (the sugar will harden as the milk is added, but will melt again in a few minutes), then strain it over the crumbs. Stir well, add the sugar, the yolks of two eggs, a few drops of vanilla, and when well mixed stir in lightly the stiffly whisked whites of the eggs. Smear a mould with butter and sprinkle it with sugar so that every part of the mould is covered. This will glaze the pudding. Pour in the mixture. Cover the top with buttered paper and steam the pudding for one hour. Turn out and serve with wine sauce.

Meringues

To each white of egg allow 2oz. of castor sugar. Whip the egg whites till on taking away the whisk the egg froth stands up in solid points, or is so stiff that it can be cut in two with a knife. Stop beating at once when this point is reached, stir in 2oz. of sugar to each white of egg lightly. Lay it in spoonsful on a baking sheet, rubbed all over with white wax. Dust them with a little icing sugar and leave them in an oven for two or three hours, or till quite crisp and dry. The oven should just feel warm to the hand. If to be filled with cream, take them out of the oven before the bottoms are quite firm, press each of these into a hollow with the back of a spoon, then return them to the oven, bottom side uppermost this time, to dry them properly. When quite dry, put aside to cool before filling them. These meringues can be kept, if packed in airtight tins.

EMILIA.

A MESSAGE TO EVERY SKIN SUFFERER

OUR message to skin sufferers consists of four words: "Antexema will cure you." We do not ask the name of your complaint, how long you have been troubled, or what part of your body is affected, for in all cases we can assure you that Antexema will cure. Why are we so confident? Because Antexema has already cured thousands whose cases were worse and more hopeless than yours. Other treatments, doctors, and hospitals had failed, but Antexema succeeded. The moment Antexema was used, sleep again became possible, relief was gained, the trouble began to disappear. Soon it went away, and has never again come back. Antexema will do as much for you if you give it the chance.

Antexema soon relieves and cures Eczema in any part of the body.

Is your trouble here?

The following are some of the forms of skin illness cured by Antexema: Abscess, acne, barber's rash, bad legs, baby rashes, bed sores, blackheads, blotches, breakings-out, chafed skin, chapped hands, bad legs, chilblains, cracked hands and lips, cold sores, eczema in all its forms, eruptions, face spots, facial blemishes, nettlerash, psoriasis, rashes, raw skin, inflamed patches, itching piles, herpes, ringworm, scabies, scalp troubles, scurvy, shaving rash, shingles, skin irritation, sores, sore feet, tender feet and skin, teething rash, and ulcers. In these and many other skin complaints Antexema has proved its healing and curing power. Why are you not using it? Common sense suggests the desirability of at least giving a trial to Antexema instead of continuing to suffer discomfort, disfigurement, and humiliation.

One great advantage about Antexema is that the moment you use it you prove the benefit, and another thing to remember is that as it is not a greasy ointment no one need know you are using it. Antexema is a creamy liquid which is at once absorbed by the skin, when it forms an invisible protective covering to the bad place and heals the trouble. It is a wonderful healing balm discovered by a well-known medical man a quarter of a century ago, since when it has worked innumerable cures. As a means of hastening and ensuring a complete cure, skin sufferers should make a point of always washing with Antexema Soap, which is a medicinal soap specially recommended as an aid to skin treatment. It is pleasant to use.

Antexema was a doctor's discovery, and to-day it is largely used by medical men in their private practice. Nurses appreciate it because it is safe and sure, and an innumerable host in all parts of the world have been convinced by the test of experience that it is a marvellous skin specific. Get a bottle to-day.

No greater mistake can be made than that of neglecting the first symptoms of skin illness. The first signs that the skin is unhealthy are so slight and so apparently unimportant that there is a great tendency to ignore them. Perhaps the skin is merely red or rough, or has a slight rash on it, and it is, therefore, fancied that this may safely be neglected. The rash, however, does not disappear, but on the contrary it spreads, and the little pimples come to a head and break. Then at last the victim wakes up to the fact that he has an attack of eczema, which irritates, worries, and humiliates. It is so easy to nip the trouble in the bud. A few applications of Antexema will completely cure the trouble, and you will be freed from it almost before you realise that anything is wrong. It should always be remembered that the moment you begin using Antexema you stop the further progress of the complaint. Skin illness cannot continue to do mischief whilst Antexema is being applied.

Antexema cures every skin ailment

and it cures when everything else has utterly failed. An Antexema cure is a rapid and permanent one, and we urge every skin sufferer to begin using Antexema forthwith. You will be delighted with the results.

Do your duty to your skin. Go to your chemist or pharmacist for Antexema. Boots Cash Chemists, Army and Navy, Civil Service Stores, Harrods, Selfridges, Whiteleys, and Lewis and Burrows supply Antexema at 1*s.* 1½*d.* and 2*s.* 9*d.*, or direct, post free in plain wrapper, for 1*s.* 3*d.* and 2*s.* 9*d.*, from the Antexema Company. Also everywhere in Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, India, every British Dominion, and throughout Europe.

ACCEPT THIS OFFER OF FREE TRIAL OF COMPLETE ANTEXEMA TREATMENT

It frequently happens that skin sufferers have been so disappointed by so-called remedies and their failure to get cured by doctors and specialists that at last they despair of relief. To prove to all that the Antexema Treatment will cure, in spite of previous failures, the following offer is made To all who write mentioning THE BYSTANDER and enclosing three penny stamps for booklet, "Skin Troubles," there will also be sent a Free Trial of the complete Antexema Treatment, consisting of Antexema; Antexema Soap, a great aid to skin health; and Antexema Granules, which purify the blood. Send to-day to the Antexema Company, 83, Castle Road, London, N.W.

Fine Foliage Plants

Among the finest of stove plants are the codiœums, popularly known as crotons. Their flowers are insignificant, but their foliage is wonderfully beautiful, green and red and yellow in various shades, sometimes striped and sometimes blotched, fashioned in a great number of different ways. Mostly natives of Polynesia, they require a high temperature—at least, 60 degrees in winter—but given that and abundant moisture they are easy enough to cultivate. Large specimens are admirable for the conservatory in summer, but small plants suitable for table decoration are more generally useful, and these should be propagated annually. This may be done during the next few weeks. The tops of strong shoots should be taken off and inserted singly in small pots of sandy soil, which should then be placed in a propagator. A box of moist fibre, with a sheet of glass to cover it, will serve the same purpose. Until they are rooted they should be shaded from sunshine, but afterwards they should be gradually exposed to light and air. Codiœums, if improperly treated, are apt to lose their lower leaves, and as this spoils their appearance, they should neither be deluged with water nor allowed to get dry. The insects most likely to be troublesome are thrips and red spider. Both may be destroyed by spraying once or twice with a decoction of tobacco, with the addition of a little soft soap. With codiœums may be associated caladiums, for, though belonging to a very different family, they also are fine foliage plants, and, while growing, require similar conditions—a high temperature and abundant moisture. The tubers may be started now. Until they begin to grow the soil should be only slightly damp, not wet.

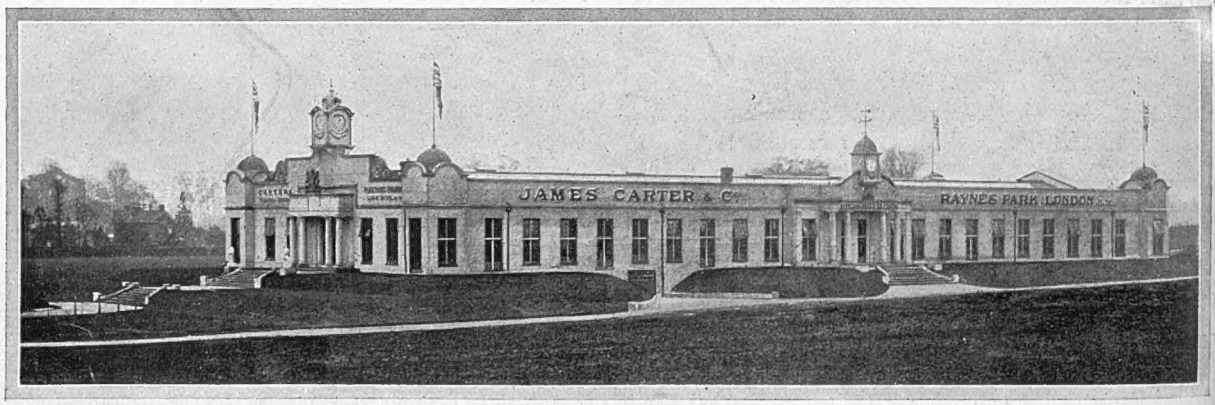
Pruning Flowering Shrubs

The gardener often takes advantage of mild weather in January and February to do some pruning. Before he starts on flowering trees or shrubs he should be able to answer the question, Do they flower on the shoots of the previous year or not? If they do, any pruning at the present time will mean a loss of flowers. Such plants should be pruned, if at all, immediately after the flowers wither, and at no other time. But perhaps there is an earlier question that should be asked and answered, Do they really need any pruning? And if so, why? The object of pruning in this case is to assist the formation of flowers—to increase either their size or their number. Weak, crowded, or otherwise useless shoots should, therefore, be cut away, and any dead wood should be removed. The latter may not be actively injurious, but if it is left it will offer a vantage ground to fungoid germs and insects. These measures will affect mainly the size of the flowers. As regards their number, there are many shrubs—for instance, Buddleia globosa—which bear them mostly at the extremities of the shoots. Obviously in such cases the more shoots there are the more flowers there are likely to be. Here skilful pruning is useful. Among the shrubs which may be pruned at the present time are the passion flowers, the forsythias, ceanothus, winter-flowering jasmine, and many of the shrubby spiræas.

H. C. Davidson.

A Wonderful Seed Business

Messrs. Carters are known all over the world, but few even among those who grow their "tested seeds" realise the magnitude of this extraordinary business. Some idea of it may be gained from the fact that in one year of threatened scarcity—1896—the Indian Government ordered from the firm the prodigious quantity of two hundred tons of one kind of seed alone, carrot seed. Golf-players also will be interested to learn that during the last ten years Messrs. Carters' grass seed has been used in the making of nearly a hundred new golf links. As may be imagined, a firm with a business on such a scale requires an immense amount of office and storage room, and the premises in High Holborn and elsewhere in London, supplemented by trial grounds at Mortlake, Forest Hill, Bromley, and Essex, have become quite insufficient for their purpose. Messrs. Carters have, therefore, acquired twenty-five acres at Raynes Park, and there they have erected extensive buildings, so ornamental outside and so handsomely fitted inside that they rather suggest pleasure than hard work. The whole place, with its seed-testing, is most fascinating, and everybody who is interested in gardening should pay it a visit. All are welcome.



"Sow the Good Seed"

The famous firm of Messrs. Carters, Ltd., of tested seeds renown, have acquired these spacious supplementary premises at Raynes Park, comprising twenty-five acres of ground